

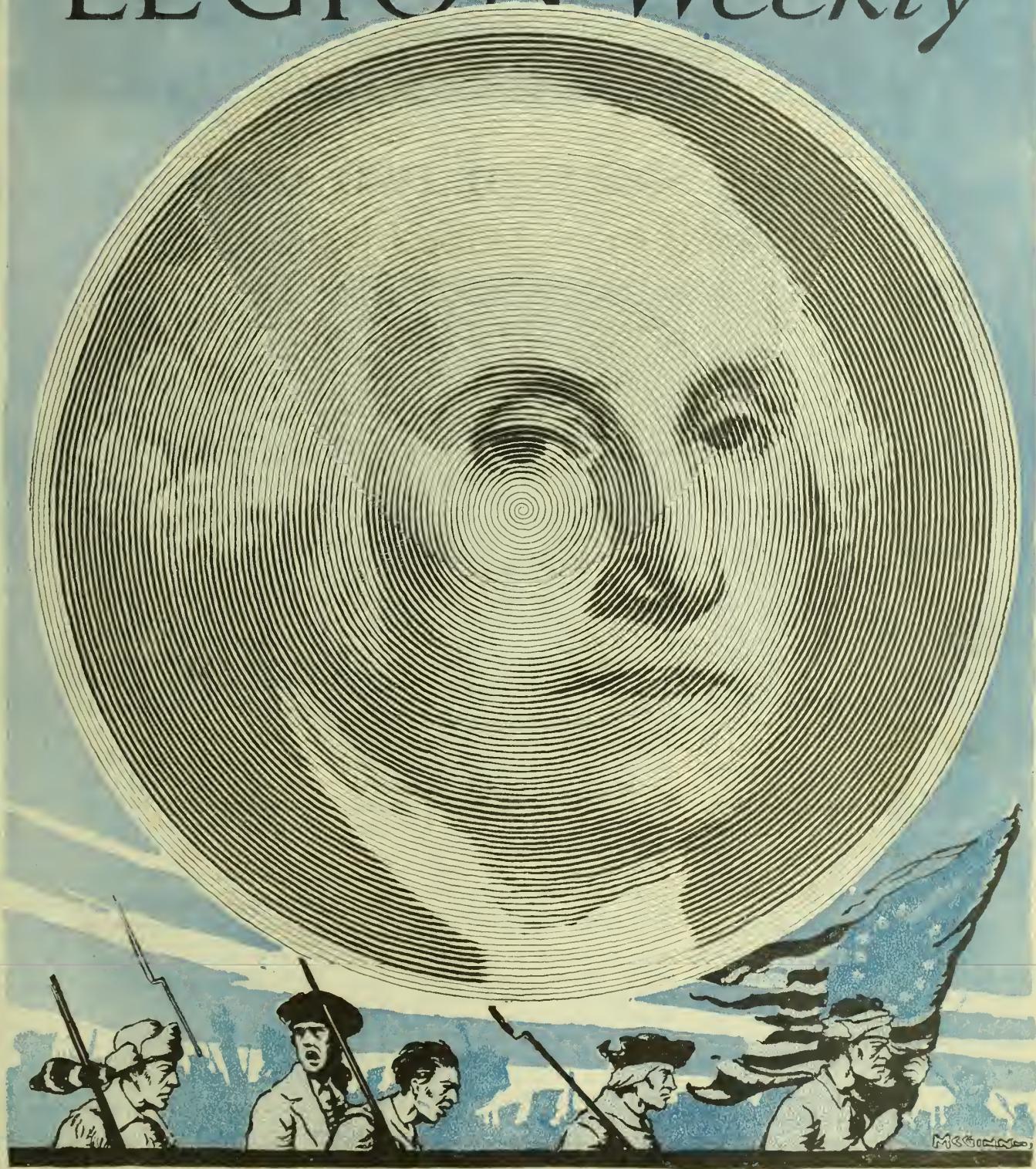
PAID YOUR DUES? IF NOT, GET IT OFF YOUR CONSCIENCE AND
INTO YOUR POST TREASURY. *YOUR DUES MAKES THE LEGION GO*

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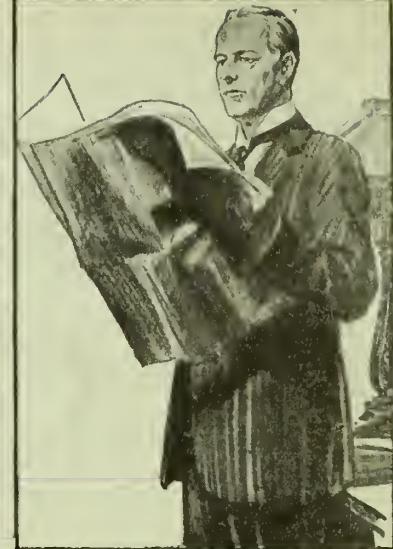
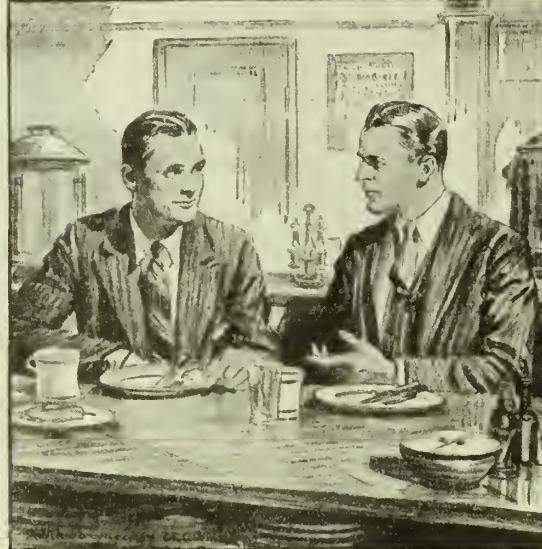
FEBRUARY 22, 1924

Vol. 6, No. 8

The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly



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The story of two men who started side by side

THEY CAME UP thru the public schools together and started work in the same office at a few dollars a week. Those were joyous, care-free days. They lunched at cheap restaurants; they saved enough for a ball game Saturday afternoon or the theatre Saturday night. The years stretched out far ahead. Without thinking very definitely about the future, they knew that sometime "things would break" if only they did their work and kept their health.

So for three years they moved along evenly, receiving petty salary increases and enjoying the thrill of the new game. They met two young women and became engaged.

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makes its power felt from the first moment, he was conscious *immediately* that a new, fresh force was at work for his business and financial progress.

He talked to his friend about it, and the friend was interested. "Probably a good thing," he said, in his easy-going way. But the matter never went further, and gradually the two found that their interests were diverging. Both were working harder than ever. But one was thinking; and in the office the executives watched them both and saw that one of them *did* think.

So one man began to forge ahead

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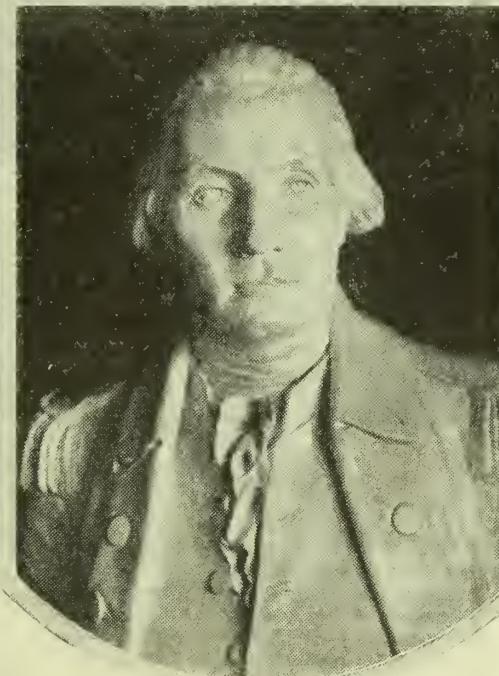
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PAGE 3

The Living, Breathing WASHINGTON

By Charles Dobbs



HERE is a good deal more than a mild joke behind Mark Twain's speculation called "Did Shakespeare Live?" What with the accumulation of legends and bitter battles about everything in the world connected with the man except his own personality, there is plenty of ground for not necessarily simple souls to believe that he was something got up exclusively for the purpose of printing a caption below pictures of lace collars and trick beards. That there was ever a sensitive neck that chafed under the collar and nervous fingers that reached for trimming scissors before a call upon the adored lady of the moment are possibilities that have been effectively buried under the ponderous writings of the centuries since his death.

The same thing is true of George Washington. The first President of the United States is so near a figure that men of middle age alive today

The Houdon bust shows the first American when he was fifty-three years old. Compare the profile at the right with the likeness of Washington which appears on a two-cent stamp

may very conceivably have had grandfathers who knew him, and yet, as a person, he lives in the mind either as one who took leave of his troops in knickerbockers or who skipped stones across the Potomac dressed in a white wig and the appropriate regimentals, all by Stuart. Gradually, in the absence of a clear picture of how he looked, the fact that the man lived and breathed is disappearing and only the legends about him tend to remain.

There are some forty original Wash-

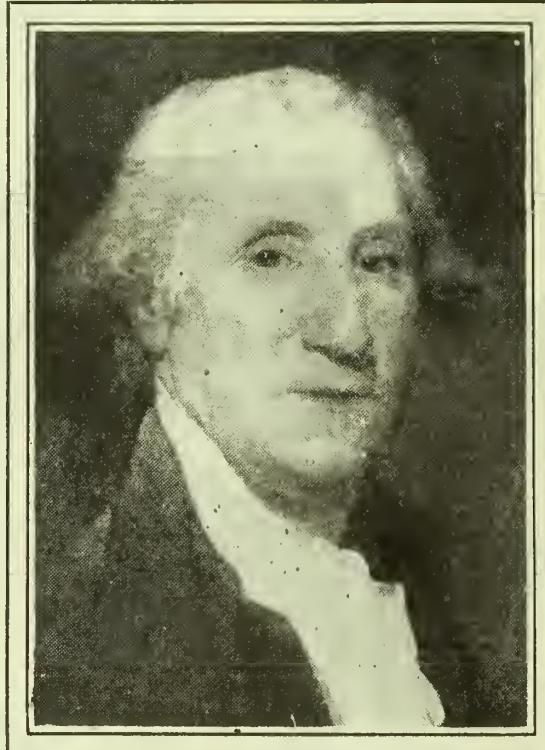
ington portraits, and many of them are so dissimilar as to lead to the belief that there must have been several Washingtons. The best known portrait, of course, is by Gilbert Stuart. This represents Washington in his old age and, aided by the fact that cotton was unskillfully employed to conceal the effects of a poorly fitting set of new false teeth, hardly gives an accurate picture of him as he was during the greater part of his active years.

The first Washington portrait ever painted was C. W. Peale's famous "Virginia Colonel," when Washington was forty years old. In Washington's account book is the entry: "By Mr. Peale drawing my pict. £18 4s"—which was less than \$100. This picture is remarkable for its brilliant coloring and the historic accuracy of the uniform. There is a blue coat, with scarlet facings, edged with silver braid, a scarlet waistcoat, and breeches, with a purple scarf over the left shoulder and tied

at the right hip. (The designer of army costumes of the time was probably an ancestor of Cecil B. De Mille.) The contraption suspended by a ribbon about the neck is a gorget, the Sam Browne belt of the day.

There are many obviously hero-worshiping accounts of Washington's general appearance. Thus John Marshall: "General Washington was rather above the common size. His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness." Thus Thomas Jeffer-

The famous "Virginia Colonel" portrait (right) was the first likeness of Washington ever made. He was then forty years old. The details of his uniform are faithfully reproduced. Below is the Bingham-Kitchin-Perry portrait, painted by Gilbert Stuart in 1795, when Washington was sixty-three



son: "His person, you know, was fine, his stature exactly what one would wish, his deportment easy, erect and noble." And thus Mrs. John Adams, writing her impressions when Washington took command at Cambridge: "Dignity, easy and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, looked agreeably blended in him."

THREE is something a good deal more intimate, however, and thus a good deal more human in the "Recollections and Personal Memoirs of Washington," by George Washington Parke Custis, the General's adopted son. "Being ordered one morning very early," he writes, "into the library at Mt. Vernon—a place that none entered without orders—the weather being warm, we found the chief very much undressed and while looking on his manly frame, we discovered that the center of his chest was indented."

This seems to be accurate observation. It is known that Washington was narrow-shouldered for his height. He was six feet two inches tall and only twenty-one inches across the shoulders. When he was twenty-five years old, he was ill with a pulmonary disease which

threatened consumption, "from which he never entirely recovered," and throughout his life he was the victim of numerous serious illnesses.

Custis supplements other evidences when he says Washington's frame "was of equal breadth from the shoulders to the hips. His powers, he says, were chiefly in his limbs, which were "long, large and sinewy"—the legs that mark the good horseman. From Custis and others we have testimony that Washington averaged two hundred and ten pounds in weight, which, taken with his height, gives a picture of a slender man.

The Houdon bust, which shows him in 1785, when he was fifty-three years old, is the official United States Government likeness and is reproduced on our one and two cent stamps. The statue itself stands in the State Capitol at Richmond, Virginia, though there is a copy in front of the Art Institute in Chicago, and a second bronze copy was recently presented to Great Britain.

Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin, in France, commissioned Jean Antoine Houdon, the most famous artist in Europe, to make the bust, at a price of approximately \$5,000, at the request of Patrick Henry, then governor of Virginia. In addition Houdon's expenses, estimated at about \$1,000, were to be paid, and furthermore his life was insured for the benefit of his family for \$2,000. After considerable trouble, Houdon received the last installments of his fees in 1802.



Washington's hair, when the casts were taken for the statue, was gray, as we have seen. Originally, according to Custis, his hair "was of a hazel brown," but a more accurate testimony is that of Elizabeth P. Custis, who says the General had "light brown, almost auburn hair" and adds, "His hair was thin." Trust a woman against a man in describing color. Miss Custis's observation is on the back of a Sharples profile portrait of the General. Washington really was of that familiar physical type of men with reddish brown hair whose moustaches, when they are allowed to sprout, are yellowish red.

HIS head was small. His eyes—the testimony is practically unanimous—were light, a gray-blue, and heavy-lidded. His nose, while straight, was thick and—oh, touch that makes us all kin!—it quickly reddened from cold. His cheek bones were prominent; strong jaws, with mouth habitually tight lipped—the lower lip grimly projecting. His teeth were bad from his youth. His complexion, fair in youth and particularly sensitive to sunburn, grew sallow with the years until it became in 1789, according to Maclay, "almost cadaverous."

The bridge of the nose and the cheeks were pitted from small pox contracted in his youth on a voyage to the Barbadoes with his health-seeking half-brother, Lawrence. On the left cheek was a scar which appears in the "Virginia Colonel" portrait. Beneath his right ear was a large black mole.

His arms were disproportionately long
(Continued on page 24)

The Missing

By C. E. Russell

Illustrated by
L. F. Wilford

*A Mystery-Adventure
Story of the A. E. F.*

Paymaster

That day American blood was shed and an American life sacrificed in the stern hunt for the missing Quartermaster

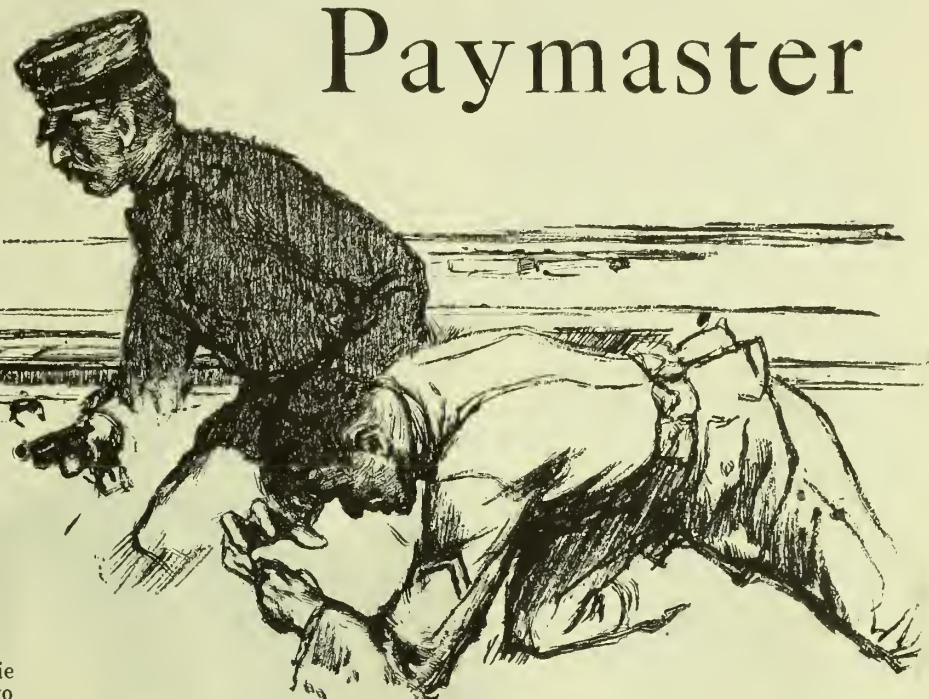
III

AS soon as they had left Marie and Clovis at the hotel, the two apaches began to jabber like two monkeys. It was evident that they were excited by the prospect of squeezing some more money out of the men they would presently see. As the cab in which they were seated creaked along, Rich, slouched down in the driver's seat for all the world like a veteran cabby, tried hard not to miss a word. The gray nag between the thills of the cab was so old and decrepit that the French requisition officers in search of cavalry mounts had disdainfully passed him by. While his age counted against his worth as a cab horse, it was of material help to us. The slower the cab moved, the easier it was for us to keep it within sight. Besides that, slowness gave Rich an opportunity to pay closer attention to the conversation behind him. He soon learned, however, that he need pay little heed to what the pair were chatting about, for it did not touch upon the object of the trip.

When the cab turned off the bridge and headed out on the Bordeaux road, Rich, shifting himself in his seat, stole a glance backward toward the town. Then he smiled. What he saw evidently pleased him. But all to be seen were two Frenchmen on bicycles, also making the turn. The one nearer to the cab was uniformed as a poilu apparently home on leave, pedaling aimlessly along, to all appearances without a care in the world. Still farther back was a French postman, his little postman's tray strapped to the handle-bars. Lazily the procession moved along in the heat of the afternoon sun, each unit in it seemingly absorbed in his own business.

"Turn off to the right at the next cross-road," suddenly commanded one of the apaches.

Rich noticed that he was now headed up one of those country lanes so common in the outlying districts of France.



"Stop here," called the apache.

Rich pulled the old horse to a standstill and leisurely turned around for further orders. Even as he turned his passengers dismounted, and one of them, when he passed alongside, threw these few words over his shoulder:

"Remain here until we return. We want to take a walk," and the two swung off at rapid pace up the lane.

As they passed around the turn and were lost to sight, the poilu and the postman stepped out from behind the hedge which lined the main road. Hiding their bicycles behind the hedge which had given them shelter, they took up the trail on foot behind the vanished apaches. Utilizing the friendly shelter of trees and hedges, the shadows crept stealthily away. They were, as the reader will have suspected, two of my men. The poilu was Blakely. The postman was Reilly. I couldn't have picked two better workers.

For nearly half a mile they kept up the chase. The two in front, intent on reaching the end of their journey and little suspecting that any one was following them, never cast a glance backward. At a sudden turn in the lane they stepped abruptly out into the yard of a small peasant's cottage. When they came closer to the place they stopped short in their tracks. It was plain that what they saw startled them. They probably had expected to see some signs of life, but not a living thing was in sight—the place was deserted. Their pause was only momentary, however, for, prompted by a common impulse, they both ran up to the closed front door.

As Blakely and Reilly—the poilu and the postman—peered out from behind their shelter, they, too, were struck by the desolate appearance of the place. The cottage, its windows shuttered and

its door tightly closed, stood stark and silent in the afternoon sun.

The apaches knocked. Not a sound penetrated the closed door in answer to their summons.

Breathing threats as to what would happen to those on the inside for playing such a trick upon them, once they had gained admission, the two moved back to the edge of the steps. With a short, fierce rush they threw themselves against the door. It sagged and cracked under the impact of their shoulders. They stepped back. Again their combined weight crashed against it. The old door, held only by a flimsy iron lock, swung back with a sound of splintering wood.

The intruders quickly stepped to one side out of the direct line of the opening. Finally, plucking up their courage, first one and then the other stepped across the litter of the broken door into the deserted house. For deserted it was—whoever they expected to find there, their mission was apparently in vain.

Panic stricken by this sudden and obviously disastrous turn of affairs, they rushed blindly from room to room. In their anxiety they threw the meager furniture about as if they expected to find those they were seeking behind some flimsy piece of it.

Meantime Blakely and Reilly had not been far behind.

"They have lost their source of easy money," whispered Blakely, for the moment forgetting that in that loss we, too, should have to share. "It looks as if the others had got tired of being bled and moved out. And judging by the amount of cussing going on they didn't leave a forwarding address."

For a few minutes longer the two concealed operatives listened to the commotion going on inside the cottage.

Then Blakely turned to Reilly and whispered:

"You slip back to where Rich is waiting. Warn him that the others have skipped and tell him to watch his step when his messengers return. Tell him, also, that we will have to take them back to town alone. We'll stay behind and make a thorough search of this place."

Reilly stole away down the lane.

"I could tell by the tone of their voices," said Blakely in reporting the conversation to me, "that it was not easy for the two disappointed Frenchmen to realize the extent of the calamity which had so suddenly befallen them. It was inconceivable, they reasoned, that the others should treat them like this. But they finally had to admit they had been double-crossed."

With another curse at their luck, and without even going to the trouble of closing the door, the apaches started back toward the spot where Rich and the cab were waiting for them.

"Perhaps they are up to the trick of doubling back," thought Blakely.

He remained on the spot until Reilly returned with the information that he had not only delivered Blakely's message to Rich but had also come near running into the very two when he was hurrying back to the cottage.

"I just had time to throw myself flat in the grass in the field before they went by."

The operatives circled the cottage in opposite directions to make sure that the way was clear, then went inside. There was only light enough through the open door to outline dimly the objects in the room, so Blakely brought his flash into play.

"I first turned my attention to the ground floor," he told me later. "There was the usual equipment of a poor peasant's home—a table or two, a few chairs, one cupboard which proved to be empty, and the necessary pots and pans by the fireplace. In several other rooms I found makeshift beds which looked as if they had not been slept in for some time, but nowhere a sign to tell who the former occupants were.

IN one corner I found the ladder that was used in getting to the attic. Reaching the top, I lifted the trap, and then cautiously raised my head until I could see the floor above. But that hurried glance told me my precautions were unnecessary—I had the place to myself. I climbed up for a more careful search, covering every nook and cranny of the place.

"When I was about to give up, my eye caught the momentary glimpse of a shadowy something under the eaves as my light passed over it. I focused the beam on it and discovered it was a bundle wrapped in an old newspaper. I started to poke out my find, only to have it slip from my fingers and drop to the floor with a thud. As it landed, the frail string snapped and the contents scattered. There, among the rubbish at my feet, lay part of the uniform of an American officer—a pair

of soiled breeches and a pair of leather puttees. I did not need to see the name stamped on the inside of the puttees to tell me that I was looking at the property of Barry."

Closing the battered door as best they could, my two men, now without thought of concealment but intent only on reaching me, hurried off up the lane to recover their bicycles.

The first inkling to reach me that something was amiss came from Rich

I was bitterly disappointed by the failure of our mission to Limoges. We had staked much on the trip's clearing up the mystery. I began to feel that we were doomed to failure.

When the night train for Bordeaux pulled out of Limoges it carried a number of downhearted passengers in its several compartments: the two apaches, my two girls, and those of my men who had not stayed behind with Blakely. The rest of us climbed into our motor cars.

AS I sat in the swaying automobile, going over in my mind the different angles of the trip, I remembered that the most disagreeable part of it was still ahead. I must admit to the general that we had virtually lost hope of ever finding Barry alive.

Just as the buglers in the camps along the river were blowing reveille we drove up in front of our headquarters. Such a tired and dirty group of

Americans tumbled out of the machines that I sent them all to their quarters to take the remainder of the day off and rest. I, too, craved rest, but before I could think of leaving the office I must first tell the general all that had happened.

"It looks as if this meant the end of our hopes," owned the general, surveying the garments which I had placed before him. "I must write his mother right away."

I knew from the expression of his eyes that he found the duty confronting him an extremely sorrowful one.

"I shouldn't place his name on the casualty list just yet, general," I counseled. "It looks bad—still we have no actual proof that he is dead. Until we either find the body or capture the murderers and force a confession from them we should only cause his mother undue anguish."

"You are right," agreed the general, frankly relieved at the opportunity to defer writing. "Leave these with me," he requested, indicating the parts of the lost officer's uniform.

When we went to bed that morning not one of us could see a rift in the darkness about us, but when we gathered again in my office for our first conference after our return from Limoges, confidence radiated from everyone. Blakely, whose search for Barry's body at Limoges had proved unsuccessful, was again with us. After we had made several fruitless attempts to work out a plan, he gave us a sound lead when he suggested the following:

"What's the use of trying to decide anything until after you have heard from Marie. Let's wait until we know what happened on the trip home. Those two girls can give us more information on how the apaches behaved after they found that the others had skipped than we can learn from any other source."

(Continued on page 24)



"You must work fast if you want to be the first ones there," telephoned Marie

after he had left his fares at the hotel.

"There's something wrong, major," he said. "All the way back to the city those two were cursing the others who had, they said, played a dirty trick on them by running away. They sure are mad, and what they intend doing to the others, if they catch them, is a-plenty."

We did not know the full extent of our failure, however, until Blakely and Reilly came in. A hush fell when Blakely slowly unwrapped his bundle and held up its contents.

"I'm afraid Barry's done for," he said. "In my opinion they did it either here or in Bassens and then brought the body up here for disposal. I believe if we search the grounds around the cottage we will find his grave."

"I imagine you are right," I admitted. "At any rate, we cannot afford to overlook that possibility. Take three men and tomorrow return to the cottage and give it a thorough search. The rest of us will return to Bordeaux tonight. If you find the body, telegraph me; if not, after you're sure you have done your best, return by train."

Again the Mellon Touch

WASHINGTON, February 11th.

CAPTAIN KNOWLTON DURHAM, president of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, was a recent visitor in Washington. The captain called at the White House and told President Coolidge that "the front of the 'bonus' forces is crumbling." Whereupon the President congratulated him, according to newspaper accounts. The Washington bureau of the *New York Herald*, a journal which aims to keep its readers unusually well informed as to what is going on in anti-compensation circles, sent this dispatch to its paper:

"Mr. Coolidge said he was pleased to hear from those who saw service in the World War and who sacrificed everything in behalf of the country's cause. He said it was the first time that opposition to the 'bonus' had come from such a source and welcomed the viewpoint as outlined by the League."

In the course of the interview Captain Durham is quoted by his publicity representative as having said to the President:

"The Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League was formed in order that there might be an organization through which World War veterans who oppose the bonus might make their position known. And the League is accomplishing the purpose for which it was organized and is planning a vigorous campaign for the purpose of enlisting the support of all ex-service men who do not subscribe to the doctrine that patriotism is a commodity that can be bought and paid for in the open wage market."

As far as it goes, that statement is almost correct. But the President is a person of so much power and importance, and his interest and his influence in connection with the adjusted compensation issue is so great, that it seems to me that Mr. Coolidge as well as the members of Congress and the country at large are entitled to some of the rest of the facts concerning this League.

As the captain says, the League was organized for the purpose of "enlisting the support of all ex-service men" who are against adjusted compensation, and "is planning a vigorous campaign" to this end. In reality this campaign has been under way for two years. In its prosecution it has enjoyed and enjoys today the support of the great financial interests of the country, including those interests dominated by the money of Mr. Mellon, the Secretary of the Treas-

THE KOPPERS COMPANY

GENERAL OFFICES, UNION TRUST BUILDING

M. B. RUST
PRESIDENT

PITTSBURGH, PA.

November 17th, 1923.

Capt. Knowlton Durham, President,
Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League,
19 W. 44th Street, New York, N. Y.

My dear Capt. Durham:

Your letter of November 9th was found here on my return to Pittsburgh yesterday.

I heartily approve of what you are doing in this matter, and my first impulse was to send you my personal check, but I took the matter up in a quiet way and found that my friend, Mr. George Davison, was raising some funds for you, and he wanted me to make my contribution through him. I saw Mr. Davison again last night and told him I felt time was the essence of this plan and that he should hurry his contributions to you. I am going to see him again on Monday and hope to make through him a substantial contribution to your cause, in which, as I have said above, I am most thoroughly in sympathy.

I think you are doing a great work for the country and for all the world. I agree with your position on the matter 100%.

Very truly yours,

M. B. Rust.

Mellon cash as well as Mellon influence is fighting the Adjusted Compensation Bill. Secretary Mellon is part owner of the Koppers Company, which held lucrative war contracts. George Davison is Mellon's man—a director of the Koppers Company and president of several Mellon oil corporations

ury. It has expended one hundred thousand dollars in an effort to enlist "the support of all ex-service men" who are against adjusted compensation. It has succeeded to the extent that the membership of the League has reached the total of 3,000.

It seems, however, that this was a detail Captain Durham overlooked when he rendered the account of the League's affairs which won the praise of the President. According to the papers the captain said the League had a membership of 30,000. Possibly a reporter added an extra cypher by mistake. But this is a relatively unimportant matter as compared with some of the other things the captain seems to have overlooked also.

On the official stationery of the League the name of Edward L. Allen, of New York City, appears as "Executive Director," ranking next to Captain Durham himself. Mr. Allen, who served as a sergeant in the war, is the founder and the father of the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League. He started it three years ago. He has been identified with it longer and he is more familiar with its affairs than any other person. He has exerted a greater effort than anyone else to expand the

League into an organization of large and bona-fide membership among veterans who oppose The American Legion on the adjusted compensation question. Captain Durham, on the other hand, is a recent acquisition to the League. He came in as president last November under peculiar circumstances, which are these:

The then head of the League, Major Richard S. Buck, had the misfortune to be detected in the act of attempting to practice a deception upon the public. I gave the particulars in the Weekly at the time. They were contained in two letters which bore the name of Major Buck and which the Weekly published. One letter was addressed to the National Commander of the Legion and the Commander-in-Chief of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. It invited these officers to take a straw vote of their memberships on the adjusted compensation question. The other letter was addressed to Major Buck's associates in the management of the League's affairs. It explained the proposed communications to the Legion and the V. F. W. and did so with astonishing frankness. It admitted the whole thing to be a frame-up and a

(Continued on page 20)

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Let Your Letters Talk

THE fact that Michelangelo received a sum of money for his masterpieces does not detract from his honor as a great artist. Nor does the smallness of the sum prove him small-minded. Remember him when talking of the "bonus."

Also—and this is even more important—remember that it is far better to *write* about the bonus to your Senators and Congressman than to read about it.—B. H. SOMERVILLE, *Norwood, Va.*

Appealing the Verdict

SOME months ago the *Literary Digest* conducted a "bonus" poll. The question was unfairly put, as the Weekly pointed out at the time. For many weeks the poll was against the "bonus"—as it properly should have been, considering the way the proposition was worded. In the very last week the pro-compensationists forged to the front and won, as I recall it, by a few thousand votes in a total poll of about a million.

Now the *Digest* comes out with what is tantamount to another "bonus" poll, linked up this time with the Mellon tax reduction plan. On the ballot itself is the erroneous statement: "Secretary Mellon says his plan can not be carried out if the Bonus to Ex-Service men is paid."

Suppose our Election Day ballots carried the notice: "The local police department will be a sink of corruption if Smith is elected mayor." Wouldn't we call it raw? Isn't the *Digest*'s idea of carrying anti—"bonus" advertising on its own tax ballot just as raw?

But there's something worse than that in the straw-vote scheme. Why is the *Digest* dragging in the "bonus" when it has already conducted a "bonus" vote in which the pros came out victorious?

Wasn't it satisfied with the outcome of the earlier poll? Is it appealing the verdict? Is it bound to win anyway?—A BUDDY WHO BUYS IT, *Providence, R. I.*

Hold That Morale!

REMEMBER, buddy, when those German planes would sweep down and drop pamphlets? Those pamphlets were printed in French and English. Remember how you read them? You knew at once why they were dropped. We are having much the same thing happen to us today, but the propaganda we read is far more subtle than that the Germans used.

When our enemy shot pamphlets, instead of bombs, at us he did it to weaken our morale. We laughed at his efforts. Today we are being bombarded with propaganda, but because it is very difficult to recognize it as such it often affects us.

We must be on our guard. We must not let our

morale suffer. We must push on to the final objective, just as we did in the days of 1917-18. We got there in those days—but we didn't do it by reading propaganda.—J. N. QUARLES, *Commander, Morgan-Owings Post, Dadeville, Mo.*

What Name?

DURING the war we were all urged to buy Liberty Bonds. Those of us who could scrape together the necessary money bought them. After the war our old friends the munitions makers, ship builders, cantonment contractors and others sought eagerly for safe investment fields. The government bonds held by the people were just the thing. The price was driven down, and it was kept down so that it was comparatively easy to induce the average citizen to dispose of his bonds far below par. Today most of the great fortunes of America have their quotas of Liberty Bonds on which few or no taxes are paid. Meanwhile the returned soldier and the wage-earner frantically dig down in their jeans in order to pay the interest on those bonds. To some people, Liberty Bonds have become "bonds of slavery."—DR. F. P. ARCHER, *Wilkes-Barre, Pa.*

Speaking of Finances

THREE are many things which the rich of this country forget when they consider the question of adjusted compensation. For example: What would be the financial status of the thousand wealthiest Americans of 1924 if in 1917-1918 nearly four million men had declined, with thanks, the job of helping to down Germany? It might be well for some of our leading citizens to find the answer to this question before continuing in the denunciation of the "bonus-grabbers."—SAMUEL A. RUETHER, *Los Angeles, Cal.*

Essential Legislation

BILLS have been introduced in Congress to promote Major Generals Hunter Liggett, Robert L. Bullard, and Henry T. Allen to be lieutenant generals in recognition of their service during the World War, in which the two first named served for short periods as lieutenant generals.

Well, now, the ex-service man thinks pretty well of these overseas troop commanders, and has an especial regard for General Liggett, who is now retired from active service. But at this time it might be pertinent to mention that a bill that has prior claim to consideration in Congress from a Legion viewpoint is the bill providing that permanently disabled citizen officers of the emergency army be accorded the same consideration as those officers of the Regular Army and all officers of the Navy and Marine Corps similarly disabled in the war.

The Legion has fought for four years for this bill. It is still fighting. Let's get this bill passed before we ask Congress to begin bestowing high honors upon high officers.—A. B. RICHESON, *Portland, Ore.*

To reflect more accurately the opinion and sentiment of The American Legion, the occasional use of this page is offered to the readers of the Weekly, who, through their membership in the Legion, are also its owners. Contributions are subject to abridgment and the Weekly assumes no responsibility for opinions expressed in them. They should be addressed to the Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

THE state that neglects its defenders is unworthy of being defended.
—Governor Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts (1920)

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

DIDN'T Big Business have any aid except the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross in winning the war? Of course not, my child. Go on learning your lessons, and do not put foolish questions to magnates who are very busy in Washington explaining how they made sure of the rewards of victory.

Yet I am going to inquire this week if the four million soldiers did not help a little. This leads me to think strictly in money terms, thus meeting the financiers on their own ground. Perhaps we may find that the four million contributed considerably toward the present high price of Liberty Bonds, the increase in corporate dividends, and our country's present prosperity as a whole.

At the outset of the European War, in 1914, the United States was not prosperous. Financial insiders were whispering that we faced hard times if not a panic. Soon Europe's demand for war supplies was parading the war babies in a boom on the Stock Exchange. Profits were high and wages high. Our coffers were enriched by the inflow of billions in gold.

When we entered the war there was a comfortable impression in some quarters that we need not send soldiers abroad. Once the Germans knew that all our enormous munition-producing power was against them they would quit. Papa Joffre, hastening to Washington, brought swift disillusion. France was in despair after the terrific disaster of her 1917 spring offensive. Britain was worried and appealing. Russia was in revolution.

Joffre did not call for commissions of dollar-a-day magnates at the front. Munitions we must have, but what he wanted desperately was—well, that fellow whom we call Buddy.

He wanted the youth of our land, men who could fight. He knew that wars were won by fighting, you see. For God's sake, let our uniform be seen in France to prove that we were in earnest. So Pershing and his staff were sent. Then, for God's sake, let some soldiers as well as officers be seen in France. So we rushed off the First Division. Pershing, who also believed that wars were won by fighting—it's a way of thinking that soldiers have—began planning for an American army of a million overseas as the only way to win the war. When Paris saw our doughboys marching through the streets the French felt that America really meant business.

THE only trained soldiers we had were a handful of Regulars and National Guardsmen. Their quality was all right—but this was a quantity as well as a quality war. There was a general idea in the military world that it took at least a year to make a passably trained soldier. In France and Germany there was insistence upon two years, with many advocates of three.

Captains of industry assured us we could have the guns, the shells, the airplanes and all other kinds of supplies ready in time for Buddy. That was in our line as a great manufacturing country. But how soon could Buddy, himself, that average American young man, get ready? Big Business would have to wait upon him. It was up to him.

Big Business and our elders, generally, found that they did not know their Buddy, which is a good reason for trying to know and appreciate him now instead of calling him a treasury-raider. In fact, Buddy did not know himself, or what possibilities he had in him.

When he gave up high wages for army pay and went to the training camp he understood he was not bound on any pleasant adventure, but a new and terrible ordeal. In other wars the chances were that you would return alive. In this war, as he realized from reading for three years the accounts of the fighting, the chances were that he would be killed. Most of his

officers had to be trained while he was being trained. Every day that he saved in training meant a day saved in the enormous war debt that we were piling up to add to the taxes of future generations.

Smashing German offensives on the Western and Italian fronts in late '17 and '18! It looked as if the war might be lost. Suppose it had been? What would be the price of Liberty Bonds today? How many of our corporations which are now paying large dividends would be bankrupt? For answer, look at the price of German bonds and German marks! It was Buddy who stood between us and defeat. How we urged him on! How they wanted him in France!

"If you can't let me have an army to fight," a French commander appealed to our headquarters, "at least let me have a division, even one regiment, to march by so that my men may know that the Americans are coming up."

BUDDY had fooled all the military experts, especially the German. In the most driving effort and under the most ruthless discipline that I have ever known soldiers to endure he had made good. There in the Argonne, and elsewhere, he may have wondered why a barrage was lacking to support his charge. Well, speaking of supplies, we had not enough artillery of our own make in the Argonne to have supported one division. But Buddy kept on fighting. In the Argonne he clinched the proof that by hard work the average American can be made a soldier in six months.

By this time every German soldier had met Buddy or had the word from some comrade who had met him. Yes, the Boche knew Buddy all right. Anything Buddy lacked in experience he made up in his willingness to learn by charging again.

"Millions of them like that in France," the German soldiers reasoned, "and millions more coming from the training camps at home. It is too much. We quit!"

So the Germans quit in the fall of '18. Buddy's quickness in getting ready and the way he went to it when he was ready saved us from a campaign in '19 against a rested German army. He saved us from an increase of our national debt by fifteen or twenty billions.

Without pretending to be a financier he seems to have been a pretty valuable national asset, this average American youth. He was the kind of pacifist who showed all the world that war with America is no holiday affair. He did his part. His elders were doing their best at home even if they did slip up on supplies. Only, let not the elders remember only their part while they forget his.

In all that Army, from top to bottom, we may mention while we hear "patriotism for sale" talk, there was no charge of corruption of the kind that has been revealed in Washington. Buddy's business chances were slim. He was not thinking in those terms. He could not start a little store down the street from the training camp or go into partnership with a French shop-keeper. He might buy a Liberty Bond if he had the money, and if he did not have to sacrifice it at a low price before he got a start again in civil life, he may now enjoy reading the high market quotations.

"Having done good work in the war and made important connections," said a financier in speaking of a man who had been behind the lines, "we took him on."

Buddy did not have a chance to make any of those connections in oil or any other commodity. When dividends are being increased is it unfair, speaking in money terms, that he should have a little dividend *out of* the prosperity which his victory won?

Tune In!

By Wallgren

A MUSICAL LOCK HAS JUST BEEN INVENTED THAT WILL OPEN ONLY WHEN THE CORRECT NOTE TO WHICH IT HAS BEEN ATTUNED IS SUNG.

ITS PURPOSE IS MAINLY TO FOIL BURGLARS - BUT IMAGINE ITS DRAWBACKS IF IT COMES INTO POPULAR USE.



BUSINESS WILL BE AT A STANDSTILL WHEN THE CASHIER, WHO IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SING THE COMBINATION, SHOWS UP WITH A BAD COLD.



ELUSIVE KEYHOLES WOULD PROVE AS NOTHING COMPARED TO MUSICAL LOCKS TO THE LATE HOME-COMER WHO HAS FORGOTTEN THE CORRECT KEY NOTE.



SINGING TEACHERS WOULD FIND A NEW FIELD FOR THEIR ENDEAVORS IF THE LOCK BECOMES POPULAR -

WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? THAT WARBLING SOUNDS VERY SUSPICIOUS!! YOU'RE NOT TOUCHING MY HOME-MADE WINE ARE YOU?



A MUSICAL LOCK ON THE CELLAR WINDOW WOULD CALL FOR A LOT OF UNNECESSARY EXPLANATIONS -



SO, YOU THINK YOU'RE A REGULAR LIL' MOCKING BIRD, DO YOUSE? WHERE DID YOU GET IT? DRIVE DOWN TO THE STATION HOUSE AND TELL IT TO THE SARGINT!!

WHY, OFFICER - I WASN'T SINGING!! I WAS MERELY TRYING TO STRIKE THE RIGHT NOTE TO OPEN MY WHEEL LOCK!!



A FLINER ATTACHED TO A MUSICAL LOCK WOULD BE ABSOLUTELY SAFE FROM AUTO STEALERS.

NOW Is When Organization Counts

THE American Legion to-day is battling for the ex-service men of the country with the claws of vicious propaganda clutching at its throat.

The barrage of organized misrepresentation has impugned the motives of the Legion—has had the effect of placing us on trial. While supposedly directed at one plank in our platform, this insidious influence is attacking the heart, the very life of the Legion. The American Legion right now is engaged in the greatest, the most vital conflict of its career.

The press ignores news of our activities; the radio broadcaster restricts our message; everywhere, on every side, sinister influences would delight to see the Legion succumb and die. You would think that we were reds trying to wreck the country instead of being the "heroes" of 1919, who were feted as the men who saved it.

If we are to defeat this attempt to wreck the Legion we must stand together.

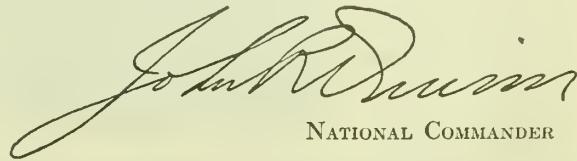
You have all heard the story of the bundle of sticks. Separately, the faggots broke easily; bound together no man's strength sufficed to bend them. That's the lesson of the Legion. We must show the people of this country and our opponents that we stand together, and the best argument is bigger roster rolls. They understand that proof.

Legionnaires, renew your memberships at once and put your shoulder alongside your buddies' to show the nation we stand one and indivisible for Legion policies.

To your buddies who are not yet members I say: "World War veterans, the Legion is fighting your fight. Show your support by joining The American Legion. You didn't win the battles of war by letting George do it, and George can't win your battles of peace all by himself. Sign up and let your voice be heard through organization."

Legionnaires, the command is forward. Take an application blank and sell the Legion and its ideals to your bunkmates. If every Legionnaire does this, the country will know we are one.

Now is the time; mañana won't do. Get that member right now.



NATIONAL COMMANDER

The Ship of Memories

By John R. Tunis

THOSE who crossed on the *Leviathan* when it was dangerous to get more than three inches from your life belt would have trouble in recognizing her now.

The first thing to impress them would be the ship at night. Men who groped their way around bunks and staircases and corridors in pitch blackness are not likely to forget the sensations. They tell you on board today that fifteen thousand electric light bulbs are used, and that the juice consumed in a single evening would suffice an ordinary American family for seven years. Take it from one who saw her in the days of blackness that as she towers above you in Cherbourg harbor, a mass of lights ten stories high, those figures seem no exaggeration. This is the first change the former passenger on the *Levi* notices.

In the days of destroyers and doughboys woodwork overhead bristled with pipes—pipes painted white and pipes painted gray, large pipes and small pipes, pipes for steam and pipes for telephone wires, and pipes for water, dozens of other pipes. These pipes are no more—no more to the eye, at any rate. They are there, but they are hidden by paneling painted a soft creamy white. You are no more on board a transport, but a floating hotel.

As in war time, the decks are designated by letters, A being the topmost deck of all. Come on board through the port in F deck just forward of the dining room. Here it was that in the old days were placed the tanks with water for washing mess kits, and here it was that ten thousand greasy slum containers were scoured twice daily. You may remember we were fed only at eight and four in those days. Now

four or five meals are served every twenty-four hours. And the space that held the tanks is now a vast open lobby. White painted woodwork has replaced the dismal gray, colored linoleum is on the floor, sofas and easy-chairs in the corners.

Just aft this open space was the dining saloon. That room with its six big serving stations past which we used to file, where they said eleven thousand men could be fed in seventy minutes, that room with its bare benches on the sides would never be recognized today. The walls are white; the dome above has been repainted; a thick carpet is on the floor. Gone are the serving stations and benches. Instead there are small white tables covered with flowers and silverware.

NATURALLY the old standee bunks that occupied the lower decks have been ripped out. The huge supports under the stairs to sustain the tread of hobnails have also gone. The old submarine signal that jarred us on that sunny Memorial Day in 1918 when we were peacefully steaming off the shores of Brest is now a fire alarm. It jarred loose a lot of memories in at least one passenger when it rang suddenly for fire inspection on a recent eastbound trip.

The navy dining room, on F deck aft, is now the second class dining room, with more small tables replacing the rows of bare benches. The saloon just above on E deck which was used during the war by C. P. O.'s and a few high-up

army non-coms is now the third-class dining room. Most of the crew space aft is now given over to second and third class staterooms. The small dining saloon on E deck used by the Deck Department is now a dining room for passenger's servants. Yes, things have changed a lot since the war.

At that time the officers of the Navy ate in what is now the Ritz Carlton restaurant on B deck. Just below this in the same room, where formerly army officers and nurses ate at long tables, they have made a winter garden with palms and lattice work and wicker chairs. And beyond is the B deck lobby, which is more altered than nearly any other part of the ship.

In service days this lobby, which ordinarily reaches up two decks, was boarded over at A deck and, with the gymnasium adjoining, was turned into a hospital for contagious cases. The main hospital was on B deck across the lobby from the restaurants, and this room has been completely made over into a social hall. It is now a spacious room, with French paneling on the walls, a floor for dancing, armchairs and writing desks in the corners. At one end is the stage, and this end, which was an operating room during the war, is now used by a jazz band. The lobby outside is now open to A deck.

A large number of ex-service men are employed on the *Levi* today, and a good many of them knew her as a transport. In some departments the number runs higher than in others, as, for instance, in the engineering department, where eighty percent of the men saw service. Sunny Jim Fagan, the chief engineer, was a warrant officer on board during the war. The chief electrician, Mr. Cross, knew the boat better

than almost anyone on board by 1918. Iverson, Dawson, O'Connor and McClain were all on board as assistant engineers during the ship's war service.

And these men are serving their country in the Merchant Marine just as they did in the Navy. As in the war, they are giving notice to the world that the United States has got to be watched as a maritime power.

During a recent eastbound trip the *Levi* stripped a turbine. She slowed down, floundered around, stopped.

A foreign ship caught up and saw her in distress. Word got out that the *Levi* was in trouble. New York and London papers began to wireless for news. Rumors filled the air—while down in the engine room men had started on a job that usually takes a week in a shipyard.

They worked, too, these men. After

tending the oil furnaces for four hours they went right at the damaged turbine. The space was so small that only two men could work at a time, but as soon as one was exhausted another went in. The heat was stupendous. Before it cooled down no one could stand more than a few minutes of it, and during the whole of the repair work it was impossible to touch the metal with bare hands. But these men kept at it. They refused to stop to eat.

Word was sent ashore that a turbine had been stripped but that the ship would proceed under her own power to port. The agents of the Shipping Board in London made ready to repair the damage as soon as the ship docked.

Just one day late, the *Levi* steamed into Southampton. On the pier were gangs of workmen from the famous

Harlan and Wolff shipyards, the greatest shipbuilders in the world. Directly the lines were fast they swarmed over the sides like ants. Tools, equipment, supplies of all sorts came up after them.

Up the gangplank ran the Englishman in charge of the work. He made straight for the chief engineer's office. Sunny Jim Fagan was sitting quietly at his desk as usual.

"All ready for you, Mr. Fagan," said the Englishman, rubbing his hands.

The chief looked up. "Ready for what?" he asked.

"Ready for the job. Didn't you strip a turbine?"

"Oh, that," laughed the chief. "That! We fixed that ourselves all right. Guess we won't need any help now."

Because a few men loved a ship, the impossible had been accomplished.

"No True Patriot Desires or Would Accept a 'Bonus'"

So Say the Anti-Compensation Propagandists—But Look Below

Argument for the "Bonus"

By George Washington

[From an appeal in behalf of his soldiers]

IT is more than a common debt: it is a debt of honor; it can never be considered as a pension or gratuity nor cancelled until it is fairly discharged. . . .

No man will enjoy greater satisfaction than myself in an exemption from taxes for a limited time . . . or any other adequate immunity or compensation granted to the brave defenders of their country's cause.

For his own services in the Revolutionary War General Washington received:

(1) A three thousand acre grant of land from the State of Virginia.

(2) Stock in the Potomac Canal Company valued at \$10,000 from the State of Virginia.

(3) For "personal expenses" during the war, \$64,415 in cash from the Federal Government, by Act of Congress.

Application for "Bonus"

By Abraham Lincoln

State of Illinois,

Sangamon County, ss:

ON this 21st day of August, A.D. 1855, personally appeared before me, a justice of the peace, Abraham Lincoln, aged 46 years, a resident of Sangamon County, in the State of Illinois, who, being duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the identical Abraham Lincoln who was captain of a company in the regiment of Illinois Mounted Volunteers, commanded by Col. Samuel M. Thompson, in the war with the British band of Sac and other tribes of Indians on our northwestern frontier in A.D. 1832, known as the Black Hawk War. That he volunteered at the State and county aforesaid on or about the 21st day of April, 1832, and continued in actual service in said war for about 40 days; that he has heretofore made application for bounty land under the act of September 28, 1850, and received a land warrant, No. 52076, for forty (40) acres, which he has since located and cannot now return. He makes this declaration for the purpose of obtaining the

additional bounty land to which he may be entitled under the act approved the 3d day of March, 1855.

(Signed) ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Application for "Bonus"

By Ulysses S. Grant

State of Michigan,

County of Wayne, ss:

ON the 6th day of November, A.D. 1850, personally appeared before me, a justice of the peace, First Lieutenant Ulysses S. Grant, aged 28 years, an officer of the Fourth Regiment, United States Infantry, who, being duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the identical Ulysses S. Grant who was a second lieutenant in the Fourth Regiment of United States Infantry, in the war with Mexico declared to exist on the 13th day of May, A.D. 1846, and continued in actual service during the entire period of the war.

He makes this declaration for the purpose of obtaining the bounty lands to which he may be entitled under the "act granting bounty lands to certain officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States," passed September 28, 1850.

(Signed) U. S. GRANT.

Application for "Bonus"

By Robert E. Lee

State of New York,

County of Orange:

ON this 20th day of February, A.D. 1854, personally appeared before me, a special judge within and for the county and State aforesaid, Robert E. Lee, aged 45 years, an officer of the United States Army, who, being duly sworn according to law, declares that he is the identical Robert E. Lee who was a captain in the Corps of Engineers of the Army of the United States in the late war with Mexico.

He makes this declaration for the purpose of obtaining the bounty land to which he may be entitled under the "act granting bounty land to certain officers and soldiers who have been engaged in the military service of the United States," passed September 28, 1850.

(Signed) R. E. LEE.

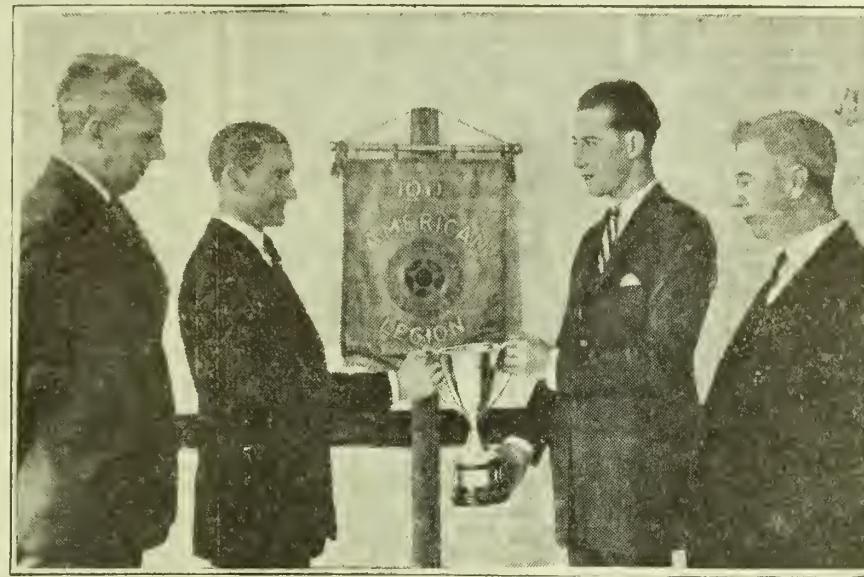
Keeping the Legion Ranks Full

MEMBERSHIP plans, meaning workable ideas which have helped posts sign up their old members and get new ones, have been avalanching into the Weekly's office since the editors in a recent issue brought before the house the question of membership-getting. Included in the letters which have been received from post officers and membership committee chairmen are many reports from posts which have increased their 1923 membership one hundred percent and better this early in 1924.

Salesmanship, either through sales letters or by personal appeal, is the basis for many of the plans submitted. Gorman R. Jones, commander of James R. Crowe Post of Sheffield, Alabama, writes as follows:

"After the election of 1924 officers in December, our members, exclusive of post officers, were divided into skeleton membership-campaign squads, with particular attention paid to grouping members according to their civil pursuits, thereby establishing an *esprit de corps* among men with common interests. At our first regular meeting in January a ninety percent renewal was recorded, with an additional twenty-one new members, and a friendly rivalry had been developed between the different squads in the contest for prizes to be awarded in June. Last year our total membership was fifty-four. With this good showing and an early start, we will easily double last year's total. With the squad grouping, with 'corporals' as chairmen, effective work is assured on account of the daily personal contact of the members of each individual squad. Gold midget Legion buttons will be awarded to each member of the squad with the best showing in June."

Along the line of sales letters, a member of Wilkes-Barre (Pennsylvania) Post who signs himself "Just a Wheelhorse" writes: "I am enclosing a letter which we are using in our membership campaign. The letter is self-explanatory. With it we enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope and a membership application. This letter is followed up with post-cards urging the prospects to fill out the application, and if no results are obtained we go after them personally. We get a lot of applications in this way through the mails



Elevated Post of Chicago has a member-getting system that works. This is proved by the fact that already in 1924 it has enrolled 450 men, fifty percent more than it had at the end of 1923. It has seventy-six percent of all the service men employed by the elevated railroad system in Chicago. Eleven departments of the railroad have all their eligibles enrolled and have been awarded one hundred percent banners. The photo shows John Dwyer, vice-commander of the metropolitan branch of the post, and Edward P. Toner, post commander, holding the silver loving cup recently presented to the post by the Illinois department of the Legion in recognition of its achievement. At extreme left, Howard P. Savage, Senior Vice-Commander; Department of Illinois; extreme right, Legionnaire John H. Mallon

which more than pay for the cost of material and postage. It is the only system that can be depended on in large towns where everyone does not know everyone else. It is reliable and keeps our mailing list of eligibles up to date." The form letter follows:

"Dear Buddy: The American Legion has detailed me to bring in your application for membership and three dollars to pay your local, state and national dues and your subscription to *The American Legion Weekly* for 1924. Having a long list to see, I am asking you to help me by sending your application together with check or money order for \$3. Please use the enclosed addressed envelope.

"If not convenient to send check or money order, return the signed application and let me know when to stop in for the money. Join the Legion now and get the Weekly a full year. Come to the meetings whenever you can."

Competitions have also been topnotchers in the plans sent in. The competition idea between two teams has developed in many States on an inter-post and inter-district basis. Frank Miles, Editor of the *Iowa Legionnaire*, starts his letter by inquiring, "Since Iowa has led The American Legion for three years in percent of veterans who are Legionnaires, we wonder if some of our ideas wouldn't be valuable to other States?" They ought to be. Here is what Mr. Miles offers:

"In 1923, the Iowa Department divided the 629 posts in sections according to the size of their respective towns, figured the number of available veter-

ans at five percent of the 1920 population as given in the Government census, then awarded fifteen cash prizes of \$100 each to the respective section winners. Awards were made at the state convention:

"Membership contests between the posts of two neighboring towns of about the same population which have been keen friendly rivals in business and athletics for many years are getting great results this year.

"Paid-up members of Verne O. Reed Post of Bloomfield took the names of all the veterans in the territory, put them into a hat, had each member draw five names at random and started after these prospects with a roar of enthusiasm and publicity.

Many a membership campaign director who assigns certain men to get certain prospects, sending one man after this man, a group after another. The plan of dividing a post into teams with the losing team banqueting the winners at the end of a determined period has been most effective here.

"Last year many posts offered prizes, the most valuable of which was a round-trip ticket with Pullman to the National Convention in San Francisco. Second prize was usually a ticket to the department convention. Banners, trophies and standards were offered by district, county and post commanders.

"Every post has its own problem, however; every community is a little different from all others, so, in a nutshell, the plan in Iowa is for a post to cast about until it hits upon the most effective method. Some posts try a dozen different plans before deciding upon one. Once the Iowa spirit gets going, the result is seldom in doubt."

From a recent issue of the *Nebraska Legionnaire*, official publication of the Department of Nebraska, we gather this information about a state-wide membership campaign which began on January 15th and ends March 1st, with a goal of 25,000 members:

"The organization of the membership committee was made by Congressional districts, six in all. A member of the committee is in charge of each district with two executive committeemen and such county chairmen as may be designated as assistants. This plan proved popular, as challenges were im-

mediately broadcasted. The Third District has taken on the Sixth District, the Second District challenged the Fifth, and the First and Fourth Districts are paired off. The three losing districts are to banquet the winners at the department convention next fall, which means that all of the delegates who reside in the winning districts are to have a free feed at the expense of those delegates whose districts lose.

"Each Legion post has its own membership committee, which is working directly under the district chairman. No cut-and-dried plan for a post campaign was suggested—each post is to follow the plan which is most practicable—in its own community. The two-team plan is being used in many of the posts. A county plan is being worked out in this manner: All the posts in a county get together for a big pep meeting, with department officers present. Each post sends at least five of its best Legion salesmen to the meeting. The salesmen agree to devote two days' work to the post as their contribution. Immediately after their return from the big county meeting, a post meeting is called, enthusiasm spread and a complete canvass of the community made for members."

Posts which have official publications of their own are making good use of these papers at this time. Entire issues are devoted to membership arguments, stressing reasons why all eligibles should be members of the Legion. Application blanks are included in these issues and copies sent to every eligible man in the locality. Among such post papers which have recently been received are the *Atlanta Legionnaire*; *Port O' Call*, official paper of Navy Post of New York City; *G-I Can* of Brown and Lynch Post of Easton, Pennsylvania; *Bugler*, official paper of 124th Field Artillery Post of East St. Louis, Illinois, and the *Legionnaire* of Charles A. Learned Post of Detroit. Many posts without regular publications of their own have issued special membership campaign papers.

Homer A. Dills, adjutant of Daniel Harder Post of Stuttgart, Arkansas, tells not only how his post gets members but how it keeps them. And his statement is backed by figures. Here is Legionnaire Dill's letter:

"First I must report that this post has steadily gone forward from year to year with never a setback to a membership of 218 at the beginning of 1924. This is our record: 1920, 56; 1921, 92; 1922, 164; and the end of 1923 showed

DOWN go the bars for a new free-for-all. The Weekly wants letters now from the best individual member-getters in the whole Legion. In recent issues the editors have asked post officials and Legionnaires to describe the systems by which their posts signed up old members and got new ones. We are printing herewith some of the best replies, and more will be published later. Now we want to extend the inquiry to the man-to-man methods. Everybody knows that selling life insurance is a science. And hit-or-miss methods don't make new Legionnaires fast. What the editors want to know is how the best member-getters work. How do they find and list prospects? What do they say to them? What other steps? If you can answer these questions, send in your letter today to the Editors of the Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

one else will, and we keep things going all the time, with plenty of publicity. We work up the old spirit that put each outfit 'ahead of every other one' during the war.

"How do we keep them? Regular meetings, with cigars, sandwiches and drinks. We spent \$300 last year for chow and smokes at our meetings. We follow the Manual of Ceremonies to the letter, have each meeting a real meeting and send out cards and letters prior to each meeting in time for every man to know what is scheduled. We never use steam-roller methods to put over anything. Everything is handled in a way that no individual can say he did not know what was happening. Keep something going on all the time. Have big feeds and banquets, shows, celebrations and everything with life and pep. Last year we staged the only Rice Carnival in the world and did it in a way that brought many thousands to this small town of 5,000, and this was a direct membership-getting stunt. We have made it more than an honor to belong to our post. The post is known as the liveliest organization in town and puts over creditably anything it tries.

"Do we hold members? Many of our buddies haven't missed a meeting for months. Past Post Commander D. D. Barris hasn't missed one in two years and our sergeant-at-arms has missed only one meeting in three years and he drives seven miles to every meeting."

The familiar banquet competition has already been mentioned in this summary of member-getting activities. Custer Post of Miles City, Montana, according to F. C. H. Baker, "captain of the team that isn't going to be beat," is trying the banquet plan this year with an interesting variation. Any

member who gets ten or more new members gets his dues paid up from the surplus in the post treasury. "We've already got fifty members," says Cap Baker. "All I've done all morning is answer the phone from men on my team—and this is the first morning." He adds: "Tell the Coupon Buddy we haven't forgotten him and are getting all the occupations of these buddies also." The membership teams of Custer Post consist of ten men each.

Only space prevents the publication of many other letters equally interesting. The editors are saving some of the others to publish in later issues. The letters are still coming in, incidentally, and all received will be candidates for publication until further notice.

Come on with those ideas!



THE HELPING HAND.—When a buddy of Van Nuys (California) Post who had lost his left arm during the war started out to establish a chicken farm with \$5,000 obtained from the State Veterans' Loan Fund, his total capital, the other members of the post mobilized with hammers and saws and put up the buildings for him. This photo shows one half of the chicken house completed—the building is 120 feet long. The owner, in overalls, is in the center of the photo

Bursts and Duds

Payment is made for material for this department. Unavailable manuscript returned only when accompanied by stamped envelope. Address 627 West 43d St., New York City

When Talk Is Expensive

"Mr. Perkins," began the Secret Service man who was going through the country-side cautioning merchants against counterfeitors. "I have here a bogus ten-dollar bill and—"

"No, ye don't!" cackled the proprietor of Huckleberry's largest and only general store. "Ye don't git me to bite again, young feller! I bought a bunch last week from some feller, an' I had the gol-durnedest time tryin' to get rid of 'em."

It Seems That Way

Dan: "What'll we do tonight—stay at home?"

Nan: "No, I've got a terrible cough. Let's go to the theater."

Proof

She: "There isn't any politeness in the world any more."

It: "Apparently you've never received an editorial rejection slip."

Of Course

"How do you address the Secretary of the Navy?"

"Your Warship, of course."

Room for Improvement

"Say," inquired the hotel guest, after taking a couple of apprehensive puffs at a cigar he had just bought at the counter of the small-town hotel, "how much did I pay you for this thing?"

"Two bits," replied the clerk.

"Then let me have one for about twenty-five bucks."

Social Error

So sweet, sprightly and well camouflaged was Miss Maidstone that her new middle-aged admirer scarcely realized that she had one hoof in the urn, so to speak. In fact, he went so far as to venture several round-about queries as to her age. Finally she countered:

"I'll tell mine if you'll tell yours."

And then he wondered at the sudden frigidity when he replied agreeably: "O.K.—fifty-fifty."

And Why Not?

The tough young woman of heroic proportions had applied for and received the job of assistant cook and general factotum in a restaurant. Suddenly there was the noise of battle, and next morning she appeared in court, unruffled and undamaged.

"What did you mean by knocking those two helpless men unconscious?" demanded the magistrate.

"Well," answered the athletic lady, "the cook told me to beat up a couple of eggs."

Very Ritz

First Little Girl: "I have a little cab for my dolly to ride in."

Little Miss Nurich: "Huh! When my dolly needs a ride, I call a taxi."

Famous Sayings of Famous Soldiers

"There ain't gonna be no seconds tonight for nobody."—Mess Sergeant Hezekiah Higginbottom to the Revolutionary troops on the eve of the battle of Bunker Hill.

"This is a hell of a war."—Translated from the Greek of Hippolitus, one of the defenders of Thermopylae.

"Gowan and take them shoes. If they don't fit you, you can trade with some of the boys."—Favorite saying of Perpetuatus Groucha-mus, supply sergeant to Caesar's headquarters troop.

"I thought I joined this Army to be a soldier." — Jambon D'Oeuf after being placed on K.P. by Napoleon I for insubordination.

"Join the Army and see the world on foot."—Attributed to Alexander's infantrymen, who helped him in his quest for more worlds to conquer.

"Camp's just over the next hill, men." — Charlemagne.

"When do we eat?"—Originated by Company A, First Paleozoic Infantry.

Dark Prospects

This filtered through a crack in a supposedly dark Southern barracks one night: "Say, lookahyah, man! Kain't yo'all play hones? Don' yo'all s'pose Ah knows what kyards Ah done dealt yo?"

Ten Days

Customer: "What's the difference between strictly fresh and fresh meat?"

Butcher: "Same as I got last month for

1924 Model, 1775 Spirit



THINK what Paul Revere could have done with a flivver and a telephone. Your post adjutant has it on him in a hundred ways.

They didn't even have postage stamps in 1775.

But it is the Paul Revere spirit which helps a post get all its 1923 members to pay up their 1924 dues on time and bring in some new members—the Paul Revere spirit, plus the automobile, the telephone, the typewriter and the speedy letter-carrier system.

You are lucky if your post adjutant is a 1924-model Paul Revere. But even Paul Revere didn't play a lone hand. He simply gave the word. It's your post adjutant's duty to let you know in every way possible—that's where the flivver and telephone come in again—that your post dues are due. But it's up to you to turn out and pay 'em. Don't wait a moment. Hop in the old four-cylinder teakettle and hunt up your P. A. with your check or the hard cash. Or mail him your dues.

Do it quick—the Paul Revere way.



"I suppose, my poor man, you have much time for sober meditation."

"Yes'm, but it don't do a feller no good. Figure as hard as he can, he can't get away."

speeding your order to you. Ten days in the cooler."

Forecast For the Week

Weather	Unsettled
Foreign Affairs	Unsettled
January coal bill.....	Unsettled
Democratic Presidential nomination....	Unsettled

Aw, Blow It!

First Yegg: "How d'ya spend yer evenin's that ya useta put in blowin' foam?"

Second Yegg: "Blowin' safes."

"Howdyah spend yer daytimes?"

"Blowin' th' jack."

"Better quit blowin' about it."

"Yah. Come on; let's blow."

No Kick, But a Kick

Doctor: "Yours is a peculiar case. I'm not sure what I'd better prescribe."

Patient (hopefully): "Oh, I'm not a bit particular any more, Doc!"

A Word in Parting

Alice: "Isn't that a divine part that Charles has in his hair?"

Grace: "That's not a part. That's where the marble cracked."

A Hit

Teacher: "Can anyone in the class name a child prodigy?"

Willie Pfann: "Babe Ruth."

Two Authorities

"Lightning never strikes twice in the same place," said the electrical wiz.

"Nonsense!" sputtered the man from New York City. "I've seen it strike at least seven times in Manhattan."

One Point of View

"Are the many automobiles in your town a factor towards its prosperity?"

"Bet your life they are!" cried the enthusiastic building contractor. "They've enabled me to put two big additions on the hospital."

The Disguise Complete

"Yes, this is my new German police dog."

"Well, he certainly doesn't look like one."

"Sh-h-h! He's in the detective department and he's disguised as an Airedale."

Accounted For

Householder (after making a fruitless search of the pantry shelves): "Nora, don't tell me you've wasted that little bag of plaster I brought home yesterday."

Nora: "An' was that plaster, sir? Well, 'twas not wasted, f'r I used it in the gravy this very evenin'!"



Then and Now

By the Company Clerk



A THEN-AND-NOW reader has answered the request for information regarding Stanley Zaslona which was sent in by Legionnaire Olesky of Erie, Pennsylvania, on behalf of Zaslona's mother in Poland. While the mother had been advised that her son was in the United States Army, she had heard nothing of him since the war. Arthur J. Krueger, commander of Patchogue (New York) Post, sends the Company Clerk this report: "Zaslona was a member of a platoon in Company K, 308th Infantry, 77th Division, of which I was sergeant. He was fatally wounded in action in the Vesle sector, opposite Bazoches. After a raid by the enemy on the Vesle River about August 25, 1918, the Germans filtered in on our flank. Comrade Zaslona with other men was lying in a funk hole on top of a bank of a railroad cut. As sergeant, I advised the men to lie low, but contrary to this advice, they raised on their elbows. About this time, as I started on a tour of inspection of the lines, I heard a shot and, turning around, I observed Zaslona rolling down the bank. I helped carry him out on a stretcher and inquired some time later as to how he was getting along and was told that he had died."

Since ascertaining Comrade Zaslona's outfit, the Company Clerk finds that his name is listed in the Roll of Honor in the History of the 77th Division as having died of wounds received in action August 25, 1918.

SEVERAL weeks ago we published a letter from Comrade Alvin C. Leonard of Hanover, New Mexico, in which he stated that he had a wrist watch which he took from the arm of a Lieutenant Richey upon Richey's request shortly before the latter died of wounds received in action. This occurred at Petite Monthairon, France, on April 14, 1918, and Leonard wanted to locate relatives of Richey in order to deliver the watch. This response was received from Carl F. Wolf, adjutant of Elyria (Ohio) Post of the Legion:

"Lieutenant Richey was the first Elyria man to give his life in the war and his photograph has been hung on the walls of our post rooms in his honor. Ever since his death his mother and brother have been trying to learn the details of his death, and the Weekly's account is the first they have received. I have communicated with a brother, F. O. Richey, and he has written Comrade Leonard for more information and for Lieutenant Richey's watch. Keep up the good work. I know of several

cases where your columns have helped relatives obtain information they could obtain in no other way."

"**A**BOUT July 19, 1918, as the right wing of the American forces was crossing the Marne east of Château-Thierry," writes J. E. Clark of Flint, Michigan, "a direct hit with heavy shell was made on a man. He was blown to atoms. His identification tag was thrown near me. A few days ago, while going through some old duffle, this tag came to light, and thinking that possibly the relatives of this man are uncertain as to his fate, I am asking the Company Clerk to publish this, as it may ease some mother's mind. The identification tag bears this inscription: 'S. J. Meyers, Bugler, Battery C, 18th F. A., U. S. A.' I will be glad to furnish what information I have to any relatives who may read this."

CAN any ex-A.E.F.-er furnish the Company Clerk with a copy of the poem referred to in this letter from Legionnaire Walter H. Morris of Warroad, Minnesota?

"When in France I heard part of a poem which started something like this:

*Did you ever hike a million miles
And carry a ton on your back?
And blister your heels and shoulders,
too,
Where the straps came down from
your pack?*

"I have tried to get a copy of the poem from several former service men, but so far have failed."

The service songsters, by the way, are still going strong. Comrade M. L. Fogerty of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, writes:

"Somewhere in France I saw a lot of medics in a circle with a pair of hobnails in the center. The men were all on their knees reciting 'An Ode to a Pair of Hob-nail Shoes.' It was one of the best of the war songs, given in a chant, that I ever heard. If anyone knows it I wish they would send it along to you so you can pass it on to the rest of us."

The Marines had other songs besides their official hymn. Earl A. Slack, formerly with Company B, Machine Gun Battalion, Fourth Brigade, U. S. M. C., now of Ashland, Ohio, came across with this:

"I read the request that some Gyrene kick in with a song of the days gone by. The little parody I submit was written by some lowly private at Paris Island. I know the song gave me a little more pep while on a hike and I don't believe I'll ever forget it. Sing it to the tune of W. & L.'s [We guess Washington & Lee.—COMPANY CLERK] college song:

*When the Marine Corps boys they hit
that line,
They're going o'er the top and cross
the Rhine,
And for liberty they'll fight like hell,
For the dear old U. S. A. they'll die as
well.
And then they'll scrap, scrap, scrap
for every mile
Go on to Berlin with a smile;
And they'll bury the Kaiser 'neath the
sod—
Yes, by God!
U. S. Marines.*

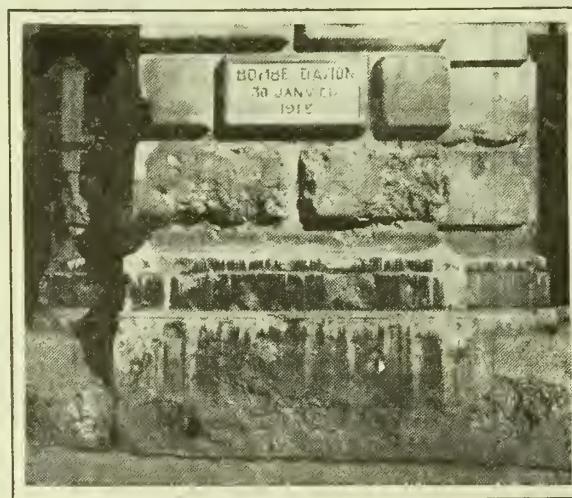
From ex-corporal Thomas E. Evans of New York City we have the following letter:

"While our bunch, B. Company, 221st T. S. N. [What outfit, buddy?—C. C.] did not get overseas we were all ready to go. Here is our contribution to the service songs. We sang it to 'The Old Gray Mare' tune:

*Oh! Uncle Sammy, he needs the
Signal Corps,
Wigwag and semaphore,
He gets them by the score,
And then, by jing, we're off for
a foreign shore,
Good-bye, Kaiser Bill.*

A former gob, L. Gluick of Port Chester, New York, explains why Navy songs are scarce and also gives a couple of leads which should bring in a good Tank Corps song and one from the Engineers, unless we miss our guess:

"This is written in connection with the stories on songs that were sung during the war and the comparative absence of those of navy origin. Speaking from my seventeen months' experience in the Navy, I can say that for the most part the gobs were too busy ferrying the A. E. F. to have any time for composing. The only real navy song was written at



The small plaque in this photograph, on which the inscription, translated, reads, "Airplane Bomb, January 30, 1918," indicates the damage done by a German bomb in the worst air raid made on Paris during the war. This particular bomb sideswiped one of the most important banks in France, the Credit Lyonnais, and killed two persons. The bank is in the Rue du Quatre Septembre, just a few blocks from the Hotel Ste. Anne of A. E. F. fame, and close to the Boulevard des Italiens

The Fortune I Found in a Barrel

[By JULIUS CREPPS]

ALL my life I have handled lots of money, because I went to work at the age of fourteen—in a bank. Up to five months ago, as assistant cashier, I had grown used to piles of money—other people's money—thousands of dollars a month that made my hundred and sixty-five look small.

"My salary looked smaller still when I took it home to the wife and two girls—one of them old enough to commence wanting the nice things any girl wants. Today she has them, I'm thankful to say, and the wife is dressed as she deserves and I could write you a check for two thousand dollars and it would not come back marked 'N.S.F.' I think the story of how I did it may help some fellow with a white-collar job to see the light of day, so here goes:

"I'd be in the bank yet, content or at least resigned to my lot at \$38 a week, if it hadn't been for a young chap who blew in from nowhere the time of the merchants' fair. He made a deal with Peters, who has the newsroom on Warren street, and he set up a little outfit that came in a case no larger than a Victrola box. Without any fuss or muss he was soon dispensing drinks. Not out of bottles, but from a novel and striking device that was soon attracting the attention of everyone about town. Out of the same faucet he drew them all—at ten cents a throw—if you called for root beer he flipped handle one way, for coca cola he turned it another way—in an hour he had taken in \$14 and that first day he came in and deposited \$68.80.

The Start Toward Independence

"To make a long story short, this man when he left had our draft for nearly eight hundred dollars in his pocket. In one week he had netted himself about \$500! I made it a point to ask him all about it, and it is because I acted on the information he gave me I am making more money than I thought I would ever make in my life, and next year I expect to do twice as well because I have a proposition under way to place dispensers in two nearby towns in



A few of Mr. Crepps' rules for building financial independence

Get into business for yourself.

Sell something everybody wants without being urged, and something they buy all the time.

Don't turn up your nose at small sales; Woolworth got his fortune a dime at a time.

Swim with the tide; the big wave of Prohibition carries the seller of soft drinks to success

addition to the one I have here. Also, I am adding units to my present equipment and ought to do nearly twice the business where I am established now.

"I used to think that it took thousands of dollars to have any sort of soda water apparatus, and I guess it did before they invented the simplified device that does it all now. Before you go in for any sort of business that takes a lot of time to

learn, or a lot of money to get ready for, and more money while you wait for trade to grow, my advice is to look up the people that I turned to, and who gave me such wonderful co-operation and service and financial arrangements by which I have made myself my own boss.

Quick Action

"I was in business just three weeks to a day from the time I first wrote the originators of this remarkable 'soda fountain in a barrel.' They sent me a book and a plan that made it all so reasonable and easy that my outfit was ordered as soon as I had done a little figuring and confirmed the fact that ten thousand dollars a year was simply a cinch. If I don't make twelve this year it will be because I grow lazy. And twenty-thousand clear is the mark I will shoot for in 1925.

"The name of this manufacturer is Saal, and his factory is in Chicago. They didn't pay me to tell this story, and my interest in their organization is only what you naturally feel for business men who have shown you and helped you with a money-making plan that put you on your feet. Write the H. G. Saal Company, Chicago, and see how easy it is, after all, to make real money when you have a real way to go about it."

Get Into the Soft Drink Business! No Capital Required

From a Drug Clerk

It was a lucky day for me when I set up for myself; with your smallest dispenser I make \$100 a week.

Milton Sommers,
Michigan.

\$1,000.00 Month

I am doing better than a thousand a month, and in the cold weather,

David F. Wye,
Ohio.

Helps with Rent

We have one in a small alcove and profits are equal to nearly what we pay for rent.

Guyon's Drug Store,
New York.

Beats Wages

Without experience my brother and I net twice what we ever got in wages.

A. K. Kourasch,
California.

\$175 Week

No dull days in this business! Cleaned up \$175 in the week just passed.

M. O. Byers,
Illinois.

The Saal plan has taken hundreds of men of all ages out of the wage-line—and in line to make important money. The great American thirst is making thousands legitimately rich—catering to a tremendous daily want. Investigate!

We Furnish Everything You Need

In the old days a soda dispensing outfit meant a big outlay of money. Saal's inventions put a standard, carbonizing drink dispenser at a price anyone can pay. We supply complete outfits—no extras—no installation cost—can be moved about. Pay from your profits.

Store Keepers

Put the Saal barrel in one corner and see how profitable the soft drink sales prove; no capital, no job to install or operate.

FREE Book and Complete Plan

Mail coupon for our newest and most liberal, attractive offer you ever read.

Let us show you in pictures and figures how Saal can put you on the royal road to wealth. The book and plan are free. Our practical co-operation and generous terms leave you no excuse for not making real money for yourself. Tear out and send in this coupon:

H. G. SAAL COMPANY

1800 Montrose Ave., Chicago

Please send me free and WITHOUT OBLIGATION the new Saal book, and your complete proposition for putting me in the soft drink business.

Name.....

Address.....

(11)



Free Proof That I Grow Hair

A new growth of hair in 30 days—or no cost! That's the positive guarantee of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, where world famous celebrities have paid as high as \$500 for results secured by personal treatments. Yet now these same results may be secured for just a few cents a day—right in your own home. This is through the Merke Institute home treatment which provides a method of penetrating direct to dormant roots—the real cause of most loss of hair. Already hundreds have grown hair this new way without risking a cent. Let us send you the evidence—entirely FREE. Don't send a penny. Merely your name on a postcard or letter. Allied Merke Institutes, Dept. 222, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



To All Legion Members

WHO ARE ALSO MEMBERS OF OUR ASSOCIATION

On March 1, 1924, our membership fee goes to \$10.00. Tell all your Service and ex-Servicemen friends who are not already members to join NOW, before March 1st, while the membership fee is still \$5.00. Help your friends to reduce the high cost of living. Tell them to write NOW for particulars.

Association of Army and Navy Stores, Inc.
469 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Private Dan McKinlay of the Ladies from Hell, says

"My Mercury was in constant use by myself and dozens of pals and was known as the Company's astop. All kinds of razors were used on it with best results. Most of us had seven days' beard when we came in from the trenches. When I was blown up my Mercury was gone and now lies somewhere on Passchendaele Ridge."

The Mercury Edgemaker

Put "harsher edge" on all razors and blades. Can't harm finest razor. Thousands in use. If you want easy shave sand for style Mercury you need on positive Money-Back Guarantee. You can't lose. Style C-1 for straight razor \$2.00. E-1 holder for all safety blades except Auto Strop, \$1.75. F-1 for Auto Strop only, \$1.00. All postpaid. Your money back if you want it.

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15 CENTS

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PATHFINDER, 502 Langdon St., WASHINGTON, D.C.

Pelham concerning the famous coal pile and that didn't reach the Cruiser and Transport Forces till after the Armistice. For the most part we sang the current vaudeville stuff, taught it to our buddies on the Naval Air Stations and land bases and let it go at that. After the Armistice we just joined in with the Army, and the only weak efforts at a naval hinky-dinky were of an unprintable sort. In your columns, however, I fail to find mention of a song sung by a Tank outfit we took over, to the tune of "The Old Gray Mare," concerning its exploits in "rolling into Germany." And a member of the 116th Engineers taught me a multi-stanza song about the exploits of St. Patrick as an Engineer of which all I can recall now is that

*He discovered the Army bean
And he constructed the first latrine.*

Your readers ought to appreciate it if you can obtain the full text of that ballad."

We're ready to use these songs if some Tanker or Engineer will come across.

"I noted with interest in your column in the January 4th issue," writes L. O. Wagner, financial secretary of Ossining (New York) Post, formerly of Squadron E, Kelly Field, "that G. G. Brand, formerly with the Second Aero Squadron, comes across with a song that used to be heard down at Kelly Field after the blazing sun had gone to rest. I heard that song and Brand is right; there are others. Maybe he and the rest of the gang will recall the following, written by Lieutenant Harrington and Sergeant Alfred and sung by the Glee Club and the fellows at large. It is not adapted to an old tune:

*I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold,
So I went down, held up my hand and this is what they told:
"You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky."
When I got there, I was S. O. L., for this is how I fly:*

CHORUS:

*Look at the ears on him, on him,
Oh, how do you get that way,
This is the greeting I received
As I marched in today.
First they put me in the kitchen,
K. P. was my name,
I wrote my girl that I was a flier,
Gee, but I'm a wonderful liar;
Look at the ears on him, on him,
Oh, how do you get that way,
This is the only battle ery,
I hear both night and day;
If I'm to fight in this great war
And end the Kaiser's reign,
They'd better take up my kettles and pans
And give me an aeroplane.*

"Probably Corporal Brand will also recall the song parody sung by Tex Ellis and Billie West of the Kelly Field Entertainers to the tune of 'Darktown Strutters' Ball':

*I'll be down and meet you with my pick and shovel,
We'll wander down to the old gravel pit,
And it will take some grit to be there
When the sergeant starts in callin',
And then we'll get our mess kits, sonny,*

*And fall in right at the head of the line;
When we've mixed them beans and stews,
Why, we'll sing the Quarantine Blues,
Tomorrow night at the mess hall cabaret."*

THE following request for help is from Commander Oscar P. Senger of Joyce Kilmer Post of Brooklyn, New York:

"I have been asked by the family of one Jerry Cecci, attached to Fifth Battalion, 20th Company, 153d Brigade, Camp Dix, New Jersey, drafted from Messina, New York, to locate this man or obtain information regarding him. The last time his family heard from him was through a letter dated May 27, 1918, mailed at Camp Dix, in which he asked that they write him at once as he was sailing for France. The answer to this letter was returned to the family, with a notation that he could not be located. Inquiries in the War Department at Washington have been fruitless."

THE Company Clerk wants to make a suggestion again about reminiscent pictures. They'd fit in well with the reminiscent stories and songs in these columns. Suppose Then-and-Nowers line up with some good service snapshots which were taken when the strict ban on cameras was in force.

T A P S

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Notices should give name, age, and military record.

DR. F. C. KATHERMAN, Thomas B. Anderson Post, Latrobe, Pennsylvania. Died January 16, 1924. Served as captain, M. C., 42d Division. SYLVESTER LAMANTIA, Lynbrook (New York) Post. Died November 1, 1923, from disabilities received in service. Served with Company A, 308th Infantry.

HARVEY E. LONABAUGH, John Donald Garbutt Post, Sheridan, Wyoming. Died January 13, 1924, in New York City, aged 32. Served in A. E. F. as major, F. A.

ALBERT WILLIAM LORD, Herbert Warinner Post, Philadelphia. Died January 27, 1924, as result of wounds received in action. Served with Company M, 315th Infantry, 79th Division.

VADE L. MINNER, Freeport (Illinois) Post. Killed December 9, 1923, aged 26, in accident. Served with 33d Division, A. E. F.

CLAUD MUSE, Vaughn-Moore Post, Raton, New Mexico. Died January 23, 1924. Served as private 1/c, 61st Infantry, Fifth Division.

ALFRED P. OPEL, Freeport (Illinois) Post. Died January 13, 1924, aged 36, as result of service disability. Served as private, Company L, 145th Pioneer Infantry.

CHARLES STEER, Freeport (Illinois) Post. Died January 12, 1924, aged 57. Entered Regular Army in 1885, served through Spanish-American War and retired. Served as sergeant, Recruiting Service, during World War.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

BTY. B, 105TH F. A.—Annual dinner Feb. 26 at Roversi's, 29 West 27th st., New York City. Former members who are not receiving veterans' association bulletin, "The Red Bee," address William S. Urban, 45 Hemlock st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

23rd ENCRS.—Third annual reunion Feb. 28 at Y. M. C. A., Huntington av., Boston. Address R. E. Jenkins, Box 303, Sharon, Mass.

332d F. A.—Fifth anniversary reunion Mar. 1, Morrison Hotel, Chicago. Address Stephen B. Clark, 1/2 Chicago Morris Plan Bank, 21 N. LaSalle st.

Co. G, 107TH INF.—Reunion dinner Mar. 15, New York City. Address Edward R. Dawson, 42 W. 21st st., Whitestone, N. Y.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

Ten Days Left for Alien Veterans to Obtain Quick Citizenship

THE quick, simple and inexpensive way for alien veterans of the World War to become citizens of the United States becomes inoperative on March 3d. Up to that date a veteran of foreign birth who served in the military or naval forces of this country during the World War can become naturalized by presenting his honorable discharge to a court exercising naturalization jurisdiction and upon identification by two citizen witnesses without the payment of a fee. After that date the usual requirements of naturalization will be necessary, including declaration of intention, proof of five years' residence in the United States, payment of the customary four dollars filing fee and the usual ninety-day wait from the date of filing petition to the date of final hearing.

The Federal Bureau of Naturalization has requested the clerks of all naturalization courts in the country to sound warning through the local press to alien veterans to take action at once. Post Americanism and service officers can render a real service by assisting any alien ex-service men in their communities to take advantage of this special law before March 3d.

Approximately 18,000 certificates of naturalization of soldiers who were naturalized in the army camps during 1918 are on file in the Bureau of Naturalization, Department of Labor, Washington, D. C. These certificates may be obtained by the individual by applying to the Bureau. All that is required on the application is the soldier's signature and the company and regiment with which he was serving at the time of naturalization. Any extra data which might help positively to identify the inquirer will be of great assistance, however, because there are several duplications of names on the list. The name of the camp at which the soldier was naturalized, for instance, will prove an aid in looking up his papers.

War Department Sells Booklets on World War Activities

BOOKLETS descriptive of our military activities during the war are being published by the Historical Section of the War Department to let the country know just what happened overseas. At present eleven titles have been issued, although two of them are now out of print. Twenty-nine additional historical monographs and records of the World War have been written but have not been published for various reasons.

The list of available published monographs and records, with prices, follows:

A Handbook of the Economic Agencies of the War of 1917.....	\$.45
A Study in Troop Frontage.....	.05
Organization of the Service of Supplies, A. E. F.....	.20
Blanc Mont.....	.20
Operations of the Second American Corps in the Somme Offensive.....	.15
Aisne-Montdidier-Noyon.....	.25
Expansion in United States of Signal Corps and Air Service during the World War.....	.10
F. O., Second Army Corps.....	.50
F. O., Fifth Division.....	.75

The two monographs which are out of print are "A Survey of German Tactics, 1918" and "Economic Mobilization in the United States for the War of 1917."

Available monographs may be had by writing the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., enclosing price of the pamphlet desired.



Durable?— Nothing else but!

IT wasn't the cussing of the corporals, but the pounding of the privates that tested Corona's pep. This meek little servant of the A. E. F. even took harsh words from top-kickers, and soft soap from ambitious second looies.

And the old war-time Corona is still full of the spirit of cognac. *No monkey glands need apply.* Post Commander and "buddy" Richard H. Vogel, has this to say:

"On June 14th, 1923, I purchased a Corona Typewriter. After three months' use I was so pleased with it that I recommended to my Post that it purchase a Corona for the use of the Post Adjutant which was done on October 26th.

"I have used practically every standard typewriter made and I have yet to find a machine so versatile and still so convenient as the Corona. I marvel at the way it stands up under severe use.

"The machine with which I am writing this letter averages two to four hours steady work a day including Sundays. I list below some of the items of work it is called upon to perform.

Business letters.

Personal letters.

Copy work with 6 to 8 carbons.

Addresses from 200 to 300 envelopes at a stretch.

Cuts 12 to 14 single spaced, closely typed Dermatotype Mimeograph stencils every month.

"With all this work I am still using my second ribbon.

"I am a strong advocate of Corona.

"Here's hoping you sell lots of them."

Yours very truly,

Richard H. Vogel, Commander,
Berwyn Post No. 422,
The American Legion.

CORONA

The Personal Writing Machine

132 Main St.

Groton, N. Y.



Now—your John Hancock
right here please

Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 132 Main St., Groton, N. Y.

Ship me all the information about Corona and tell me where I can find a "Supply Sergeant" who will show me one.

Name

Address





How to Invest to get Maximum Safety and Highest Income

Fully explained by the Oldest Mortgage Investment House in the South

FOR over half a century the name Adaир has been recognized as the highest authority upon Southern Real Estate conditions and values. For 58 years an ever-increasing list of customers have placed their confidence in the ability of this house to select for their funds, first mortgage real estate investments which combined absolute safety with high income. *And not a single customer has ever lost a dollar.*

Today you can secure a high return, plus maximum safety, by investing in the best type of Southern Real Estate Bonds, yielding up to 7%.

Write today for "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds," a booklet which contains the net of our knowledge gained through 58 years experience in this field. Ask for full particulars on our Monthly Investment Plan.

ADAIR
REALTY & TRUST CO.

Established 1865

1301 Healey Building, ATLANTA

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation your booklet "How to Judge Southern Mortgage Bonds."

Name _____
Address _____

Why Burn Coal

or wood when you can burn gas in your stove or heater by installing a Uni-Hete Kerosene Burner (with exclusive 1924 features) in five minutes time. It gasifies common kerosene to the hottest and cheapest fuel known. Does away with dirt and high fuel cost. Heat regulated to any degree by valve. Increases stove efficiency 100%. Has brought joy and economy to thousands. **FREE TRIAL.** Save its cost in 30 days. Write quick for full particulars and introductory price.

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Todays fuel prices make the Uni-Hete a big money maker for agents. We have made oil heating devices for 33 years. Acorn Brass Mfg. Co., 224 Acorn Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

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Executive Accountants command big salaries. Thousands of firms need them. Only 6,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. Many are earning \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year. We train you thoroly by mail in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Knowledge of bookkeeping unnecessary to begin. The course is under the personal direction of C. P. A. and former Director of the Illinois Society of C. P. A.'s, and the National Association of Cost Accountants. He is assisted by a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Low tuition fee—easy terms. Write now for information.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 2361-HB, Chicago

The Largest Business Training Institution in the World



Whose "Bonus"?

By Richard L. Masten

WHEN Jones was marching off to war it thrilled his neighbors to the core. They told him, "You're a noble youth. You go to fight for right and truth, and after you have won the fight rely on us to treat you right. You'll see, when you come back again, the things that we will give you then."

*When Jones came back from over there
The thing they gave him was the air.*

When Smith went off to meet the foe they cheered and wept to see him go. They hung a wreath upon his gun, and, oh, such wondrous yarns were spun of what they'd do to make it right for Smith returning from the fight. "When you come back again," said they, "you'll see the things we'll swing your way."

*When Smith came home again from
war
The thing they swung him was the door.*

Now Jones and Smith, of course, were game, but disappointed just the same. They'd lost their start and didn't feel enthusiastic for the deal. For guys who hadn't risked their necks cashed in some different sorts of checks from those they cash in danger's face in some unholy foreign place.

*You see, the guys that made the coin
In wartime weren't the ones to join.*

So now that they behold the axe upraised to cut the income tax and also smite the "bonus" down, no wonder they're inclined to frown. For bonds and things with weighty yields weren't gathered in in Flanders fields, and Jones and Smith and such as they don't make enough to have to pay.

*So when upon the tax they pounce
Each payer's notice should announce;
"We've cut your tax by many bones—
YOUR BONUS, PAID BY SMITH
AND JONES."*

Again the Mellon Touch

(Continued from page 7)

trick. No straw vote was contemplated; in fact, quite the contrary. But the League was to propose such a vote, and seem to advocate it, at the same time introducing conditions which the Legion could not accept because they would render a fair test of sentiment impossible. Thus the Legion would decline to participate and the League could make an issue of the fact that the Legion dared not poll its own membership on the "bonus" question.

The publication of these letters threw a scare into the League people. So the Buck letters were repudiated and Buck was retired. Captain Durham took his place, and thus purged and purified, the League continued to do business at the same old stand and in pretty much the same old way.

When Captain Durham visited the White House and received the congratulations of the President he did not go alone. Naturally he wished to make a favorable impression (as it seems he did) and so those officers, members and allies of the League who could be gathered up in Washington were taken along. But among these Mr. Allen, father and founder of the League, was conspicuously absent. Sergeant Allen is no longer an officer, member or ally of his brain-child, the League. Mr. Allen has written a letter to Senator Reed of Missouri admitting that the League is the creature of Big Business, charging that it has been subsidized by the selfish interests which are working to put over the Mellon tax plan, and declaring that it is no longer deserving of the support of ex-service men who are opposed to the "bonus" but who believe in fighting fairly. The sergeant, one might say, has turned conscientious objector.

Senator Reed is chairman of the Senate investigating committee which, at his suggestion, has been named to look into the source of the funds which are being spent so lavishly to put over the Mellon plan and to defeat adjusted

compensation. The committee will hold public hearings next month.

Mr. Allen's voluntary withdrawal from the League has been greatly disturbing to Captain Durham and his fellow officers. They have done everything they could think of to hush the story up. Allen quit before Christmas, and sailed for Bermuda. It was hoped that he would return in a more amicable frame of mind. But he didn't, and after trying vainly to remedy the kinks in the League's tactics of which he complained he announced his intention of going to Senator Reed and spilling the beans.

This was serious from Captain Durham's point of view. A conference of League officers was called and plans were discussed how Allen might be "discredited" in advance. This line of thought had possibilities all right. The story could be given out to the newspapers that Allen was repudiated and fired. This might take the edge off anything Allen might tell Senator Reed or anyone else. The matter was discussed pro and con, but as yet no official "repudiation" of Sergeant Allen has been attempted by Captain Durham and his colleagues, and Allen already has written to Senator Reed.

In his communication to Senator Reed Allen said:

"There are considerations which might serve as a subject of a Congressional inquiry. For example, two funds were raised for the League, one in Pittsburgh and one in New York by the State Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association. I have evidence that contributions were made to these funds for the benefit of the League. But I am convinced these funds were diverted and used for the creation of propaganda to enforce legislation in connection with Secretary Mellon's tax reduction plan. I believe this money was used to finance the organization of the National Citizens' Committee, headed by John F. O'Ryan."

The O'Ryan referred to is Major

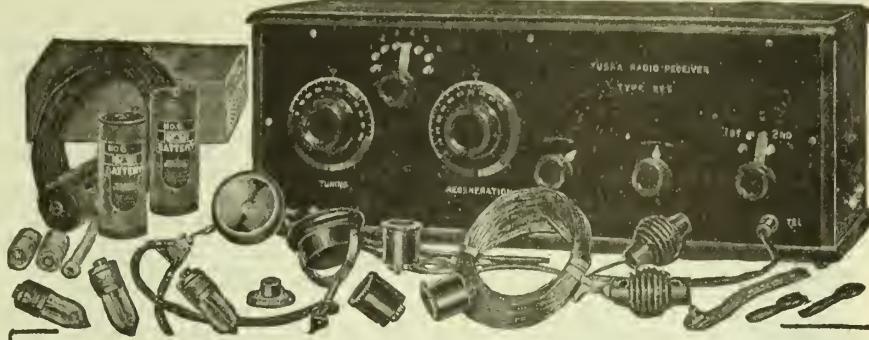
General John F. O'Ryan, former commander of the New York National Guard and chief counsel for the Senate committee which recently investigated the Veterans Bureau.

Mr. Allen declares that he is prepared to furnish the Reed committee with details and documentary evidence supporting his statement concerning the New York and Pittsburgh slush funds. The amount of each fund was placed at \$20,000. The New York fund was started on its way when Allen and Durham called on John T. Pratt, a New York capitalist. This was shortly after Allen had succeeded Buck as the head of the League. Allen says Pratt was taken with the League idea and promised to raise \$20,000 with the proviso that the League bring the Mellon tax plan into its fight against adjusted compensation. It has been the aim of Big Business all along to kill two birds with one stone, i.e., to defeat adjusted compensation and put over the Mellon plan with its fifty-percent cut in the surtaxes of the rich.

Allen rather protested against bringing the Mellon proposition into the adjusted compensation fight, because the contention of the Mellon people that the country could not afford to pay adjusted compensation was not an honest contention. He argued with his associates in the League that the country did have the money to pay adjusted compensation, and any claim to the contrary would not stand up. He held out for a fight against adjusted compensation on the principle that it was wrong in principle, regardless of the ability of the country to pay it.

But Durham wanted the \$20,000 and could not see Allen's line of reasoning. Then and there Allen says plans were started to force him to resign. Durham went ahead with Pratt to get the \$20,000. The joint committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce and the Merchants' Association of New York City was organized under O'Ryan. Mr. Pratt got the publicity man for the Standard Oil Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad and a long string of corporations which are fighting the Adjusted Compensation Bill to write an anti-"bonus" pamphlet. Ten thousand of these pamphlets were delivered to the League. The Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Association footed the bill. Allen protested that these pamphlets were careless of facts and contained several "deliberate falsehoods."

I see that the Merchants' Association of New York has issued a public denial that it has contributed to the League's fight against adjusted compensation. This statement is difficult to understand in the light of a letter which has come to my desk. The letter is addressed to James S. McCulloh, vice-president and director of the New York Telephone Company. It is written on the League's stationery. It says "Secretary Mellon's tax reduction plan has started the anti-bonus forces over the top," but that the "Senators and other prominent interests leading the fight against the bonus state that no greater support could be given them than the development of organized veteran opposition to such legislation." For this purpose the League "will require approximately \$200,000." "A large part of it is needed immediately and the only way we can raise it, Mr. McCulloh, is by appealing to public spirited citizens such as yourself. We therefore ask you to make immediate



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With this great offer the finest of radio equipment becomes available to every home. Why tinker with home made sets! Why confine your radio reception to the few local stations reached by a crystal set! For only \$5 down you can have a radio set that will reach out hundreds—even thousands of miles away and "bring in" your choice of all the wonderful programs broadcasted from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It has ample volume to operate a loud speaker on far distant stations. In the TUSKA we offer a set designed by Mr. C. D. Tuska—a famous radio engineer—and built complete under his personal supervision. In results—in appearance—in workmanship—it is equal to outfits costing twice the price we ask. Send coupon below for our Great Special Offer made for a limited time only.

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The radio outfit we sell are absolutely complete. Most others make an offer on the bare set and leave you to buy all the extras like tubes, phones, etc., in addition. The outfit we offer you includes the Regenerative Receiver and 2-step amplifier all enclosed in a solid mahogany case. Also the batteries, head-phones, tubes, aerial, lightning arrester, and full wiring installation equipment. Start operating without investing another penny. Your \$5 payment brings it all. The use of UV-199 Tubes reduces upkeep to almost nothing. These tubes use only .06 ampere current, assuring long life to your batteries.

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Just mail the coupon. Get all the details without any obligation. Don't think of buying an ordinary set without finding all about this new and better way. Very easy terms. Free trial. The highest quality of radio equipment possible to have.

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2843 West 19th Street, Chicago

Please send me your special offer on a Complete Tuska Radio Outfit on terms of \$5 down and monthly payments.

Name

Address



Your Congressman

What does your Congressman know about your Post and the 10,000 other Posts of The American Legion?

Does he know that your Post can do an unlimited amount of good for your city? Does he recognize your Post as an asset to your city and call on you to help with the problems that confront your community? Does he know that the American Legion delegation proposes to bring before the Congress at Brussels the question of limitation of aircraft armament, and that the Legion is always bringing before Congress questions of National importance?

If your Congressman were a regular reader of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly, he would be well informed about the Legion and its many good activities. He would also know that a Legion Post is a community asset to every city. If he were a subscriber for The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly he would become one of your Post's best friends. Show him this article and he will be glad to give you his subscription for a year at \$2.00 (52 issues).

Make your Congressman a friend of the Legion by making him a reader of The AMERICAN LEGION Weekly.

ALL OF YOUR LEADING CITIZENS SHOULD READ IT!

Wild West of Thomas

To protect Porto Rican cigars and tobacco against fraud and adulteration, a Guarantee Stamp Act was passed by the Island's legislature.

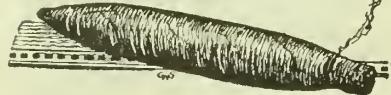
It provides for inspection of all cigars and tobacco leaving the Island and the affixing to the containers thereof Guarantee Stamps certifying to the origin of the product.

White Stamps indicate "All-Porto Rican" tobacco. Blue stamps indicate "Porto Rican and Foreign Blended." Pink Stamps "All-Foreign."

Look for these stamps when buying Porto Rican cigars.

Let us mail you "The Story of a Porto Rican Cigar."

Government of Porto Rico
TOBACCO GUARANTEE AGENCY
136 Water Street, N. Y.
J. F. Vazquez, Agent.



Agents \$5⁰⁰ to \$25⁰⁰ Daily

You can make \$5 to \$25 a day in your spare time representing one of the largest, oldest and best known wholesale tailors. We furnish complete sample outfit and full instructions about styles and prices. Suits retail at \$18.00, \$22.50, \$28.00, \$32.50, etc. Immense assortment of fabrics at prices to suit every purse. Every suit guaranteed to please or money refunded. Hustlers get \$30.00 suit. Full time men can earn up to \$100 a week. Spare time men, \$5 to \$25 daily. Send a postal or letter for full details. No obligation.

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO.
Dept. 1958
CHICAGO, ILL.



EX-SERVICE MEN Become Railway Mail Clerks

\$1600 to \$2300 Year

Every Ex-Service Man Should
Write Immediately

Steady Work No Layoffs
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Common education
sufficient
Ex-Service Men get
special
preference.
Mail coupon
today—
SURE.

COUPON

Franklin Institute,
Dept. H187
Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Send me, without charge,
(1) Sample Railway Mail Clerk
Examination questions; (2)
Schedule showing places of U. S.
Government jobs now obtainable;
(3) List
of Government jobs now obtainable;
(4) Information regarding preference
to ex-service men.

Name:

Address:

and substantial contribution to this fund." The letter is signed by Knowlton Durham. It is one of several thousand similar letters sent out at the same time. Mr. McCulloh's letter was returned to the headquarters of the League with the following written in longhand across the face of it:

"I am with you and have given \$50 through the committee of the N. Y. C. of C. and Merchants' Association. (Signed) J. S. McCULLOH."

Now let us turn our attention on to Pittsburgh, where, according to Mr. Allen's letter to Senator Reed, a second fund was to be raised. Pittsburgh, as everyone knows, is the home of Secretary Mellon. Shortly before Richard S. Buck found it expedient to retire from the direction of the League's affairs he and Bronson Bachelor, then the League's publicity agent, went to Pittsburgh to see how much coin they could get from the Mellon interests. They saw George S. Davison, a close friend of Mellon's and president of the Gulf Refining Company and several of Mr. Mellon's other oil corporations. Allen says Davison agreed to raise \$20,000 among the oil, steel and coal interests. Allen says this money was raised, and that Davison, the friend and financial associate of the Secretary of the Treasury, was the agent who did the raising.

This statement appears to be borne out by another letter I have. It is addressed to Captain Durham. It is signed by H. B. Rust, president of the Koppers Company, coke-oven manufacturers of Pittsburgh. Mr. Mellon is financially interested in the Koppers Company and was a director of that company until he became Secretary of the Treasury. Mr. Davison is a director of the Koppers Company now. Mr. Rust's letter is reproduced with this article. (See page 7.)

One of the stated purposes for which the Reed committee was created was to determine if any "war profiteer money" was being used to finance opposition to adjusted compensation. This may make a number of the League's contributions of more than usual interest. For instance, I do not believe it has ever been brought out officially just how much Mr. Rust and the Koppers Company made out of the war. Some readers may recall a series of articles written for the Weekly under the title of "Who Got the Money?" The object of this series was to show who got the billions of dollars Uncle Sam spent for war supplies and how they got it. As I recall, the Koppers Company came in for brief mention in one of these articles.

Anyhow, I find that the Congressional committee which in 1919 and 1920 spent eighteen months investigating our war expenditures found occasion to scrutinize rather carefully some of the dealings of the Koppers Company, which was paid large sums on government contracts. The Koppers Company supplied coke ovens to other contractors who were engaged in the manufacture of munitions, and according to the official report of the investigating committee the company exercised "a controlling influence" in the branch of the Ordnance Department which let these contracts. The committee's report lists several officials and employes of the Koppers Company who entered this department of the government service but in some cases were retained on the Koppers Company's

payroll while they were drawing pay from the Government. The report cites this in connection with the statement that Koppers ovens were used "in most of the government work."

The fact that it was Director Davison with whom President Rust took up "in a quiet way" the matter of his contribution to the Pittsburgh anti-compensation slush fund is quite significant, I think. Mr. Mellon is a part owner of the Koppers Company and Davison, a director of that company, is Mellon's man. Secretary Mellon's activity as a lobbyist against the Adjusted Compensation Bill is well known. He is the first member of the Cabinet to enter the lists as an open lobbyist in a long time. He is recognized as the ruling genius of the High Finance lobby here which is striving to induce Senators and Congressmen to repudiate their pledges and vote against the Adjusted Compensation Bill. These facts are known, but I do not think it has been brought out so clearly before that Mellon men have helped raise and Mellon money has helped swell the jack-pot which keeps that lavish lobby going.

Not at all times, however, were so desirable fund-raisers as Mr. Pratt of New York and Mr. Mellon's Mr. Davison of Pittsburgh available to exhibit a sympathetic interest in the League's exchequer. But the League was capable of sufficient resource to take care of this situation. About the time Messrs. Pratt and Davison were at work, as we have seen, this advertisement appeared in the classified columns of the *New York Times*:

SOLICITORS—Professional money-raising solicitors; liberal commission; raise large fund for national movement of urgent and vital interest to every big man of affairs; leads furnished. Don't want amateurs, beginners and small money men; if this means you don't waste our time calling. Conroy, 509, 19 West 44th street.

I suggest that the writer of this advertisement—presumably Carl W. Conroy, one of the League's salaried officials—penned as concise and accurate a commentary on the character and the methods of the opposition to the Adjusted Compensation Bill as has been given in a like number of words in a long time. Read the ad over again. Like all classics, it will grow on you.

Callers in response to the ad were told they were expected to turn in \$500 a week apiece. They were offered a salary of \$100 a week or a twenty percent cut-in on all money raised. I understand these terms have not been changed. Any good solicitor can go to work for the League on that basis today. Solicitors also are given mimeographed copies of form speeches to make to prospects. The Weekly published some of these when the fund-raising drive started last fall. This speech has lately been rewritten to include the statement that the compensation fight depends upon "about ten doubtful Senators" who "will be glad to vote against the bonus" if they can point, in excuse for this violation of their pledges, "to veterans in their constituency who don't want a bonus." The League promises to make a special effort to "deliver" these ten doubtful Senators. The Senators are not named.

I have a list of the names of persons and corporations appearing as con-

tributors on the books of the League. When Senator Reed's inquiry starts an authoritative statement as to the nature and amount of the "adjusted compensation" most of them got on government business during the war might prove enlightening:

ELBERT H. GARY, chairman, United States Steel Corporation.

AMOS L. BEATTY, president, Texas Company.

ROBERT OLYPHANT, director, Thompson-Starrett Company, building contractors.

CHARLES C. GOODRICH, director, B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company.

LEE HIGGINSON & Co., bankers.

DONALDSON BROWN, vice-president, General Motors Corporation.

W. H. ROSE, American Machinery and Foundry Company.

PAUL J. BONWIT, president, Bonwit, Teller & Company, New York department store.

E. P. BROOKS, American Cotton Oil Company.

WILLIAM BRADEN, vice-president, Andes Copper Mining Company.

FRANK R. CHAMBERS, chairman, Rogers Peet Company, New York clothiers.

LEWIS L. CLARKE, president, American Exchange Bank, New York.

HENRY A. COLGATE, secretary and director, Colgate & Company.

CLEVELAND H. DODGE, capitalist and railroad owner.

HAROLD S. VANDERBILT, capitalist.

STUVESANT FISH, capitalist.

JULIUS FLEISCHMAN, capitalist.

BENJAMIN L. WINCHELL, president, and A. A. FOREST, vice-president, Remington Typewriter Company.

ROBERT A. FRANKS, treasurer, Carnegie Corporation of America.

CHARLES B. GOING, Equitable Trust Company.

ALBERT HARRIS, vice-president, New York Central Railroad.

EDWIN M. HERR, vice-president, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company.

HORNBLOWER & WEEKS, brokers.

JOHN B. KERR, president, New York, Ontario & Western Railroad.

JULIUS KRUTTSCHNIT, chairman, Southern Pacific Railway.

RALPH PULITZER, publisher, New York World.

RADIO & MECHANICAL TRADING CORPORATION.

NORMAN P. REAM, capitalist.

CLINTON L. ROSSITER, vice-president, Underwood Typewriter Company.

CHARLES H. SABIN, chairman, Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

ALONZO B. SEE, president, A. B. See Elevator Company.

F. S. WHEELER, chairman, American Can Company.

This list could be continued to the extent of four thousand names. These are some of the people who are financing Captain Durham's visits to Washington and elsewhere. These are some of the "prominent interests," as the captain says, which are behind the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League.

Such are only a very few of the interesting facts about this League which, though I cannot prove it, I doubt if Captain Durham brought to the attention of President Coolidge. If he had brought them to the President's attention I question if Mr. Coolidge would have found the League so ready a subject for Presidential congratulations.

Or, if anybody is to be congratulated, why omit the Messrs. Mellon, Davison and Pratt?

M. J.

New Self-Massaging Belt Reduces Waist—Easily!

Produces same results as an expert masseur, but far quicker, easier and less expensive. Substitutes good, solid, normal tissue for that bulky, useless disfiguring fat, yet does it so gently that you hardly know it is there.

Science has found a delightfully easy way to quickly remove fat and obtain a normal waistline—without straining your heart with violent gymnastics or weakening your system by starving.

Formerly those who wished to reduce without dieting or strenuous exercise had to go to a professional masseur. His method effectively dislodged the fat and brought about the desired reduction. But it was expensive and time-consuming, and so few could take advantage of it.

Remarkable New Invention

But now a wonderful new invention brings this same effective method within the reach of all. The Well Scientific Reducing Belt uses this same massage principle, acting by means of its specially prepared and scientifically fitted rubber. It is so constructed that as you wear it, every breath you take and every movement you make imparts a constant gentle massage to every inch of the abdomen. Working for you this way every second, day and night, it reduces much more rapidly than ordinary massage, saving both time and money.

Actually Removes Fat

It does not merely draw in your waist and make you appear thinner. It actually takes off the fat. Within a few weeks you find 4 to 6 inches gone from your waistline. At the same time all your stomach disorders, constipation, backaches and shortness of breath disappear as the sagging internal organs are put back in normal place. Man or woman, you are filled with a wonderful new energy, and both look and feel 10 to 15 years younger.

The Well Belt is used by hundreds of professional athletes and jockeys because it not only reduces quickly but at the same time preserves their strength. Highly endorsed for its healthful principles by physicians everywhere. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back without question.

Write today for full description. If you write at once you can also get in on a Special Reduced Price Offer being made for a limited time. Mail coupon today to THE WEIL COMPANY, 582 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.



As shown above, every move of your body walking, climbing stairs—merely breathing as you sit—causes the Well Belt to massage your abdomen. It is working for you every second.

The Well Company
582 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation, complete description of the Well Scientific Reducing Belt and also your Special 10-day Reduced Price Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City State

Bring in a Buddy With This Copy of the Weekly

If this copy of the Weekly is used for membership work the name and address of the Legion Post so using it should be imprinted in the space below, together with Adjutant's name and address, so applications may be mailed correctly.

This space for Post name and address

Application for Membership in The American Legion

The undersigned hereby makes application for membership in the Post of The American Legion

Fill in above name of Post you wish to join.

Name of Applicant.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Give above the organization last served in.

Applicant's Signature



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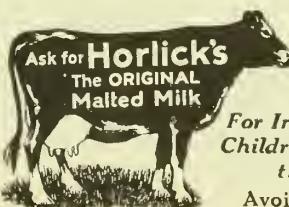
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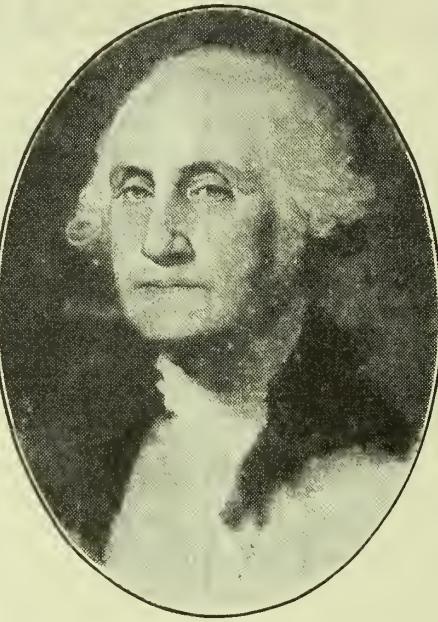
and his hands and feet were enormous. Lafayette is quoted as saying, "I never saw so large a hand on any human being as the General's," and Custis adds, "His right hand—so far did its dimensions exceed nature's model—it would (if a cast had been made) have been preserved for ages as the anatomical wonder of the eighteenth century." The Indians called him Big Hand. A curious bit of information from Custis is the statement that in walking Washington had what might be called a "one track walk"—that is to say, the Indian fashion of swinging the feet so that the footprints followed each other in line, a habit doubtless due to walking in narrow trails.

Regarding Washington's voice there is a singular dearth of testimony. We may dismiss the fanciful tradition that it was "rich, deep, full, sonorous." Such a voice does not comport with his bronchial and laryngeal weakness. Senator Maclay is a more credible witness when he says, "His voice (is) hollow and indistinct." He was never an orator, and "babblers" were his abomination. William Sullivan is also on record as saying, "His mode of speaking was slow and deliberate."

It is to Sullivan also that we are indebted for perhaps the happiest characterization of Washington's manner.

The Living, Breathing Washington

(Continued from page 4)



The Athenaeum portrait, by Gilbert Stuart—probably the best known likeness of Washington

"His deportment," says he, "was invariably grave; it was sobriety that stopped short of sadness"—as good, in its way, as Longfellow's description of sadness "that resembles sorrow only as the mist resembles the rain."

"He was always covered," wrote Senator Ralph Izard of South Carolina, "with the mantle of discretion," and in his presence there were few who did not feel what Lord Erskine confessed to be "an awful reverence."

Always fastidious, after his years in the woods as a surveyor and soldier, in the matter of dress, Washington's attire when he was President

was rich and elegant to the last degree. On formal occasions he habitually wore black velvet, silk stockings, white or black; a short sword of steel hilt, with white leather scabbard, and diamond buckles at his knees and on his shoes. He was truly, as a contemporary described him:

"A complete gentleman . . . sensible, amiable, virtuous, modest and brave."

The portrait of Washington reproduced on the cover of this issue of the Weekly, drawn by Forest A. McGinn, a graduate of the New York Society of Illustrators' School for Disabled Soldiers, is made entirely in one ink line. It is a copy of a well-known Gilbert Stuart portrait.

The Missing Paymaster

(Continued from page 6)

Even while I was debating about the best method to use to reach the girls, my telephone rang. Picking up the receiver, I was glad to hear Marie's voice.

"I should like to see you as soon as possible," she said.

"Fine!" I exclaimed. "I'll meet you in my hotel in twenty minutes."

"Very well. Clovis and I will be there."

Twenty minutes later, seated in the quiet of my room, I heard Marie's story of the trip to Limoges.

"On the way up," she began, "the talk centered around our approaching marriage—all the fine clothes he would buy for me after he got the money and what a glorious time we should have traveling around the country. I didn't ask for the details of how he would secure the money. Then, when we reached Limoges we insisted that we girls have a room to ourselves. I thought we

might have trouble over this—but no. I really believe they intended to play fair with us, for they did not object to the arrangement.

"As soon as they had finished their luncheon, they announced that they were going to make a call on their 'bankers.'

"We're going to draw a big enough dividend this time, and then away to Paris!" laughed Vietor as he and his friend walked out of the hotel.

"Upon their return I thought sure we were both going to be killed. They were very black and ugly. Where before they had greeted us with smiles and jests, they now showed their true characters, not only by their scowls but also by curses and threats. Vietor raged around the room like a crazy man. His curses were terrible as he told what he would do to the men who had skipped. I finally induced him to

calm down enough to talk coherently. Then we learned the cause of all their rage. You may imagine our thoughts when we realized that all our work had been to no purpose. I could have cried from the very disappointment of it. But it was no time for tears, as I soon realized when Victor proposed that we go through with our plans as far as the ceremony was concerned. For a moment I did not know what answer to give him. I must confess that it looked black to me for a few minutes. Then I saw my way out of the dilemma.

"I became indignant. I accused them of trying to double-cross us. I told them that their tale of friends with lots of money was only a lie to induce us to come to Limoges, and I insisted that we go back to Bordeaux by the next train. They both protested vigorously that my accusation was unjust. Nevertheless, I put my foot down on any proposition but an immediate return to Bordeaux. Now that it is all over I can't help smiling at the way I bulldozed those two big cowards.

"They argued a lot, but they couldn't make me change my mind, and finally they agreed to take the next train. I didn't know your plans, so I managed to shake them at Bordeaux after I had told them to forget the marriage question until they had some money."

Marie had handled a very difficult situation with admirable courage and foresight, and I did not hesitate to tell her how pleased I was at the way she had acted.

"Keep away from these apaches until we can reorganize our forces along some new line, and keep in touch with me on the telephone at least three times daily," I advised her as she and Clovis departed.

Back in my office, I summoned Blakely, Rich, Reilly and Green for a continuation of the conference interrupted by my interview with Marie and Clovis.

"Here's the situation as it stands this minute," I said to them. "We know Barry was held up, robbed, and—at least as far as the evidence which we have been able to discover points—murdered in the Café Boulevard. Through the two apaches we have learned of the hiding place of the criminals, or rather the place where they were up to a few days ago. We know also that these two apaches were in personal contact with the criminals and have been systematically getting money from them by continual threats of exposure. What we do not know and what we must learn quickly, however, is the direction taken by the fugitives in their flight from that little cottage. The question is: How are we going to secure this information?"

"There's only one trail that we can follow," announced Reilly with an air of finality and a squaring of his broad shoulders, as if to repel the attack he felt bound to come when we heard his plan, "and that is for us to put the two apaches to work for us."

A laugh ran around the circle. I looked for the man to fly into a rage at once, but he calmly sat back in his chair and waited.

"Go ahead, Reilly," I urged.

"We never would have learned of that peasant's cottage outside of Limoges," he went on, "unless that pair had guided us to it, would we? Every clew of importance, with the exception of the Café Boulevard, has come to us through them. Well, then, why shouldn't we use them again to help

us? You know as well as I do that those two chaps are not going to quit cold without another try for that easy money. There's our best bet. Through the girls we can use them to trail the gang.

"Here's how I should work it out: Have Marie begin making fun of the two for being such boobs as to allow the crooks to put it all over them by running away. Let her point out that if news of their failure ever got back to the underworld they would be laughed out of the city. Her ridicule will arouse their desire for revenge. Get them good and mad. Then, when Marie has them properly worked up, let her offer them her woman's wit to guide them in the search. Through Marie you can direct their hunt. Thus we shall have them working for us, although they will not know it."

Reilly's plan had in it every element of success, yet it carried an element of danger as well. I disliked subjecting the girls to further association with the two ruffians, but I could see no other way out of it.

"I'll pass the idea along to the girls," I finally decided. "In the meantime, let us not wait for the results of this plan, but go out into the city to see if we can't find a trail by ourselves. Try to learn whether any one of the various gangs has been out of the city for a long time and has only recently returned. While you are covering other parts of the city I'll go and see Levy and start him out."

I found Levy at the Café Royal. Here, in a rear room, safe from prying eyes, I told him all about the fiasco of the Limoges trip and asked his assistance in checking the recent absence of any of the apaches in his district.

"I've already thought of that," he said. "Still I'm inclined to think that this crime was committed by outsiders rather than by the Bordeaux apaches, because not one in my district has recently been away from the city for any length of time, and none of them has shown up with more money than he could have picked up by some petty crime. There is one disturbing feature to me, in this case, however, and that is the American deserter. I can't seem to get a line on who he was or even a description of him—I mean the one you told me about, the one who was hanging around the café. For once I think you'll have to look somewhere else besides in the slums of Bordeaux for your criminals."

To one less familiar with Levy than I was, his advice would have smacked of a desire to shield some one by throwing us off the track. I was too sure of the man's sincerity, however, and had tried him too many times to doubt that what he told me was the truth as he saw it.

"If none of the gangs did it," I questioned, "who do you believe did?"

"I don't know," he replied. "But if you could only locate that American deserter I believe you might be able to learn something. There is the possibility, you know, that he may have his own gang."

Each of us promised to keep the other informed as we separated.

That evening, when I explained Reilly's plan to Marie, I could not help smiling at her enthusiasm to have the two crooks working under her personal direction.

"Just a moment, young lady," I cautioned. "There's a great deal of danger



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for you in a plan like this, you must know. In fact, there is so much risk that I will not ask you to undertake it if you don't want to."

"Oh, I can handle them all right, never fear. After my success at Limoges I'm not afraid of them at all. When shall I start?"

"The sooner the better."

"Very well. I'll arrange for a dinner-party at the Café Bordeaux tomorrow night."

There, in the brightly lighted restaurant, she put into action the idea which all of us hoped would bring the longed-for ending of the case. That midnight I saw her again.

"I didn't have a bit of trouble," she reported. "They are as anxious to find the gang as we are. They know that unless they can get some money they will have to go back to the slums. Having had a taste of the bright lights, they won't give up without a struggle."

For days my men, supplemented by the activities of the apaches, scoured Bordeaux for a trace of those whom we wanted, but night after night the same discouraging reports came in.

I do not know how indefinitely the chase might have been prolonged had it not been for the good work of Marie. She kept the apaches working day and night. One morning, just before I left the hotel to go to the office, she came to me with startling information.

"Victor was walking down the Rue de Gal this morning when he saw two of the gang. He is shadowing them. He sent his companion to warn me and to tell me that just as soon as he had run them to earth he would let me know. As soon as he comes in I'll try to tip you off."

The time had now come to ask the French for assistance. They were always willing enough to help us, but they were jealous of any attempt on our part to usurp their authority when dealing with their countrymen. I went over to the French chief's office, stated the facts, and asked for help. An assistant and three gendarmes were sent along with me.

The hours dragged as we all sat around headquarters waiting for the call from Marie. The tedious wait began to get on everyone's nerves as twelve o'clock came and went, then one, then two, and then three—and still no call from Marie. I decided that, if I did not hear from her by four o'clock, I would send out a searching party.

At three forty-five the telephone rang.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," Marie said, "but these stupid fools couldn't describe the place where they had followed the two they were shadowing. To make sure of the location I had Victor point it out to me. The house is out on the Paulliac road, the second building on the right after you cross the ship-canal. It sits back in a field—you can't miss it. You must work fast, though, if you want to be the first ones there."

I presume our long period of waiting served to dull our usual caution, or it may have been that, in our eagerness to prevent another fizz like the one at Limoges, some one overreached himself. Whatever it was, it came very near undoing all the work of Marie and Clovis, and it actually did cause the death of two of the men in my party. That day American blood was shed and an American life sacrificed in the hunt for the missing Quartermaster.

(To be continued)

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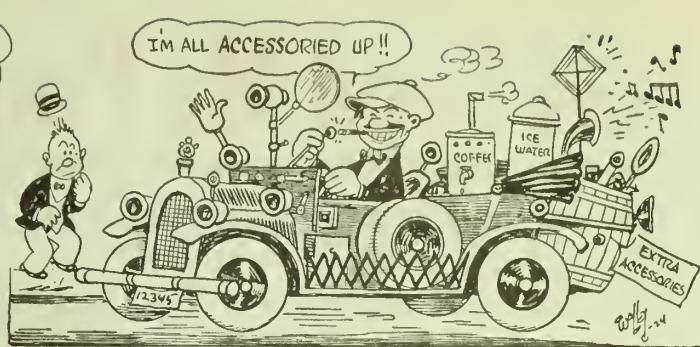
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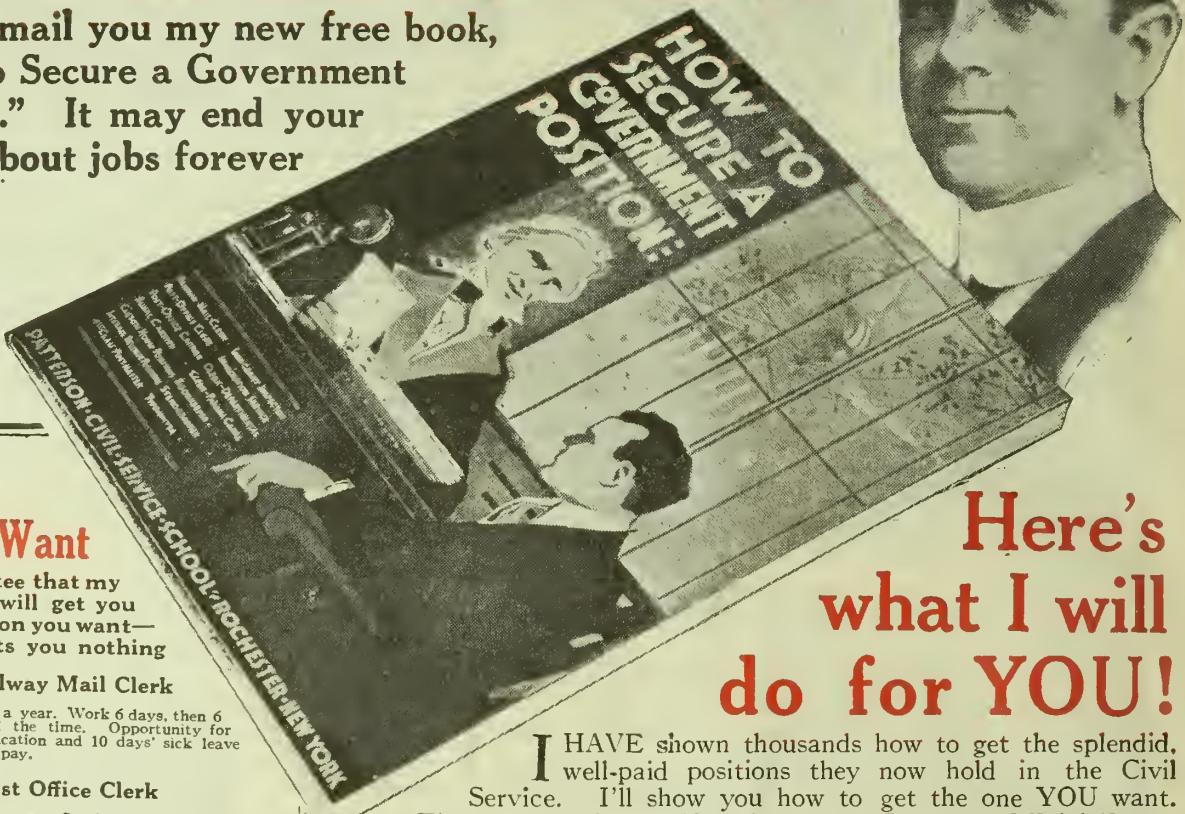
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